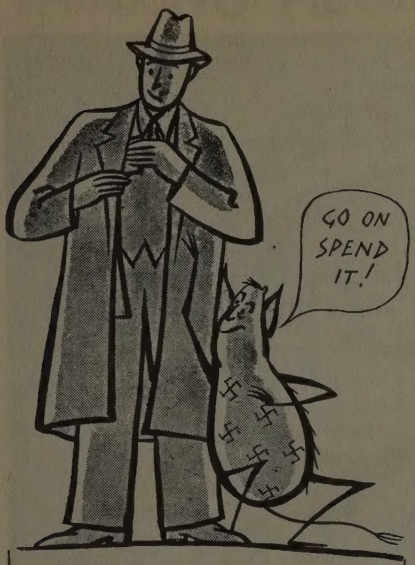
RHYME AND REASON



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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

We live amidst portentous happenings; and by the time this is read many great events may have taken place. Yet the general picture will remain.

What is the international situation? The meeting at Yalta was greeted with great enthusiasm by the British press; and the fondest hopes were expressed for the forthcoming Conference at San Francisco. Since the Great Three left Yalta, however, the interpretation of the Polish 'settlement' has become a matter of further dispute; and many gloomy prophecies have been made about San Francisco. It has even been suggested in some quarters that it should be abandoned or postponed. It is certain that no man today looks forward to the peace with the same eyes of innocence as he did in 1918.

It is desirable to try to get a calm dispassionate view of the situation, though this is not easy. We have first of all to draw a distinction between what can be termed 'political machinery', and the realities which lie in the background; between this or that rule or regulation drawn up at San Francisco on the one hand, and the real attitudes and psychological condition of the powers on the other. Let us attempt for a moment to look into the real position first. We have fought a great war 'for freedom and democracy and decency.' We have fought a war largely to get a closer union of mankind, and to check exaggerated and aggressive nationalism. We now discover that two at least of the Victorious Three, to wit, Russia and the United States, have become animated with strong new sentiments of nationalism. That Russia, moreover, remains a dictatorship, and is addicted to ruthless courses; whilst the United States lies in danger of becoming more and more the victim of the most selfish type of big business; with the result that her coming unemployment crisis will practically compel her to embark upon a most aggressive trade campaign. 'The rights of small nations' seem definitely 'out'.

Yet all pictures have their brighter as well as their darker side. (It has always seemed right to me to point out the darker side when the popular press has been too full of brightness, or has sought to suppress dark truths. None the less the man who can only see the dark side does not see life whole.) In sober fact we had no right at all in 1940 to tell ourselves that we were rapidly approaching a Utopia. A World Federation is certainly the ideal; and a world organisation is still advocated by Sir William Beveridge in his new work, *The Price of Peace*[1]. Yet mankind is certainly not ready for this. The people don't want it yet. The Russian people undoubtedly do not. The American people do not. I'm not quite sure that the British people really do. However, we are not really much worse off than we were in 1918. Though on 'the machinery front' we are. At Versailles it so happened that the leading statesmen, who were all liberals of a sort, talked the same language—officially. The verbiage was largely of the well-known Anglo-Saxon uplift variety; and even some of this got on the nerves of Monsieur Clemenceau. However Papa Stalin has never held a professorship at Princeton, and does not talk this way. I am not really sure that we are much worse off for that. For there was no real desire for fraternal co-operation amongst the statesmen

[1] *Pilot Press.* Target for Tomorrow Series. 6s.

assembled in 1919. On the whole the powers proceeded to make use of the new League for their own ends. The United States almost from the word 'go' was 'included out.' Britain then at once withdrew her guarantee to France. An acrimonious jealousy soon began between Britain and France. And Russia did not come into this picture at all—significant omission. Today, on the bright side, it can be stated that Germany is not likely to have the opportunity of further aggression. Her war potential has been permanently out-matched, both by Russia and by the United States. Further, there is not the slightest reason why the three principal victors should fight one another within measurable time.

WHAT IS BRITISH POLICY?

IT seems to be the policy of Mr. Churchill that Britain should hang particularly close to the United States; and Walter Lippmann writes of an Atlantic Community. This, I believe, to be a mistaken policy. I think it would be fatal to move an inch nearer to the United States than to our other principal ally Russia. If we did so we would arouse legitimate Russian fears. In fact this is the one policy which might bring on another war. Britain, associated with the Colonies and the Dominions and the countries of Western Europe, undoubtedly ought to form a third great grouping. If you cannot get world federation there is no alternative but a 'balance of power', like it or not. But a balance of power is at its worst when there is no balance! And if Britain were to attempt to tip the scale on to the side of the United States, there can be no doubt that the Russians would feel that it had been tipped against them. Russia and the United States have already formed great 'unions'. It is the union of Britain with Western Europe which is now struggling to be born. Certainly there are countries lying about the centre of Europe, Czechoslovakia for example, which could *not* properly come into a Western European Union. Russia, nevertheless has no real interest in opposing a union of Britain with the Western or maritime States. Very much to the contrary! For the Western Union, when formed, would still be much weaker than Russia. Further, if it were not formed, Russia would not find on the western confines of Germany a power strong enough to preserve peace in that country; and would be compelled to double her own armaments, thus seriously delaying the supply of consumers' goods, a course which might lead to serious internal social discontents. Western Europe, the most mature culturally of the world's great areas, must at last achieve political maturity, and union. This is the only consummation which can preserve Europe's cultural heritage for the future of the world. Also Europe is the only possible link between Russia and the rest of the world. The Russians are now eagerly turning to the arts and graces of 'civilisation'. They are even putting on epaulets and learning dancing. They would like to be admitted as equals into the drawing room of Europe. They could become excellent Europeans. They could not become Americans.

So much for the essential background. As to Dumbarton Oaks or San Francisco political machinery, I am not particularly worried. Under the old League, a *unanimous* vote could mean action against a given state-member; and Russia was once expelled from the League. None of this was particularly helpful. Today both Russia and the United States have definitely stated that they will *not* permit themselves to be outvoted in any world council. This is *nominally* a considerable regression. States are now claiming to be judge in their own cause. Yet the new declaration in respect of voting tells us precisely nothing which we should not

have known before. Did anyone ever seriously think that the Soviet people would permit themselves to be outvoted by any other power, 'capitalist' or other? So we are not much worse off than we were before.

There is surely too much desire to build up a lot of complicated political machinery at these conferences. A distinction should again be drawn between a willingness to meet in conference, as against the drawing up of a whole network of rules. The more that the leaders, and their assistants, of the nations can meet together the better. There is also great benefit to be drawn from a *permanent* meeting of the nations, in permanent session, and possessing a permanent secretariat. But no useful binding laws can be drawn up at this stage. San Francisco would be well advised to cut the rules and 'get down to the 'osses!' There has also been a semi-Russian inspired idea of making these international conferences merely official parades to register decisions reached 'offstage' by the leading statesmen. The recent Trade Union Conference in London was somewhat of this character. This, however, is not a fortunate tendency. Let there be a permanent meeting place for all the nations, great and small (and in this way modern improved transport really can help), with no set rules, but at which delegates, with full powers, can really get down to rubbing the awkward corners off the world's problems; and at which the Presidents, or Prime Ministers, of states can forgather as often as possible.

Canada has recently raised a query as to the position of 'middle states'. Is a failure to get into the 'sixth form' to mean that Canada or Brazil, or the Dutch Empire, is to be on the same basis as San Salvador or Santo Domingo? Less formal machinery would also remove this problem. And no formal machinery can at this state of the world's evolution put anything into the picture which was not there before. Canada, or Brazil, can exert as much, but no more, pressure than is consistent with her potential resources. Nevertheless a permanent meeting ground would undoubtedly help to reduce misunderstandings and promote peace.

TURKEY IN DANGER

WHEN I was at the Turkish Embassy the other day I was delighted to find Monsieur Acikalin, the Chairman of the Turkish Trade Delegation, in apparently very happy conversation with M. Gusev, the Russian Ambassador. M. Acikalin speaks French fluently but has less English. Mr. Gusev told me that he speaks English only. Presumably he also speaks Russian. It was certainly pleasant to find him in such benevolent vein. For relations between Russia and Turkey are not now of the happiest. The Soviets have recently made a series of somewhat uncalled-for criticisms of the internal political set-up in Turkey, their first friend. It is to be hoped that these are not the usual precursor of attacks of a more violent nature. Russia is without doubt jealous of Turkey's special position of friendship with Britain, and would wish Turkey to form a part of the Russian sphere. Neither does she want Turkey to make common cause with the new Arab Union. Recent Russian peaceful penetration into the Levant has been on a very generous scale. She already had as a basis the frequent Armenian communities, to which are now joined the prayers of the local Orthodox. The Russian Legation at Beirut recently witnessed the arrival of as many as fifty extra secretaries.

M. Unaydin, the Turkish Ambassador, is very much liked everywhere he goes in England. I do not know whether it is a very high compliment to say that he looks remarkably like an Englishman, but the fact remains that he does. The

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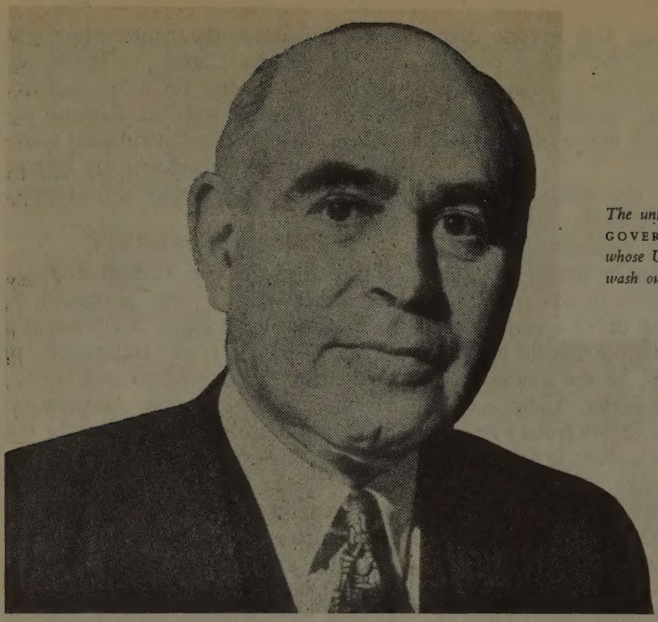


The unfortunate GOVERNOR LEHMANN, *whose UNRRA has proved a wash out*

charming Madame Unaydin is also one of the most genuinely popular members of the *corps diplomatique* in this capital.

The Bri sh press has gone too far, I have alw 's considered, in attempting to cover t these difficulties with our Allies. In *T ie Times*, of course, one can 'read between the lines'. Or rather one can read the lines themselves, which are quite pregnant with meaning, if this is somewhat quietly expressed. A similar technique in the more popular organs would have been wiser. Certainly for courageous exposition of facts the *Manchester Guardian* has recently been worthy of very high praise.

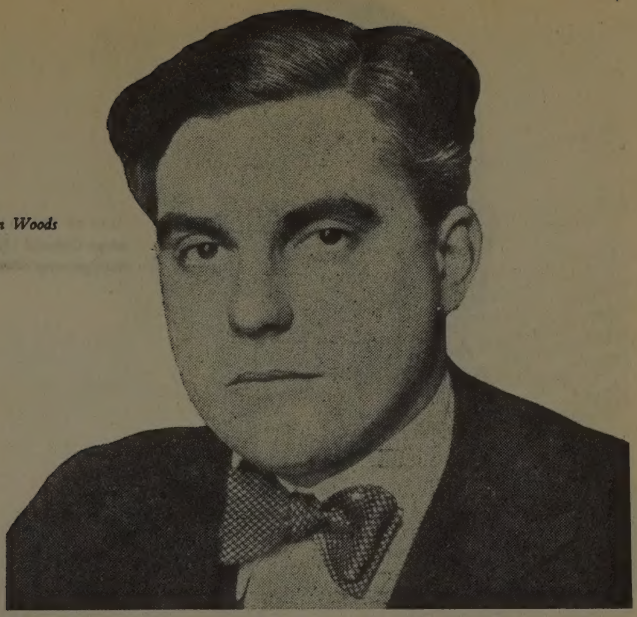
THE ANSWER'S A LEHMANN?

ONE of our contemporary disappointments has been much publicised and ballyhooed UNRRA. It has been in labour, and has produced a mouse! Certainly it has had to encounter very considerable political opposition in many lands. Tito would not allow it to open shop in Yugoslavia. I noticed a tearful article in one of our papers recently about starving Yugoslavs; the truth of the matter is that Tito wanted UNRRA to hand over the food, and he would distribute it to his own political friends. At present it looks less like Hurrah for UNRRA than UNRRA ta-ta!

STORM IN A COCOA CUP

TURNING to differences on hand with the United States. Americans have freely indulged themselves in criticism of our colonial administration. So that it is a pity that the Colonial Office's new cocoa scheme for West Africa has had such a very poor reception in the States. The new scheme, which has also been attacked by cocoa firms in this country, is really a great advance for the growers, most of whom are native peasants.

Bob Boothby has recently been in the States, where he remained a courageous antagonist of Bretton Woods. Although it has been suggested by the British



BOB BOOTHBY, M.P., *courageously attacks Bretton Woods with its threat of unemployment*

Government that the scheme does *not* tie us again to gold, it certainly ties the pound to the dollar; and the dollar is to be tied to gold! Being tied to gold would mean grave deflation in this country, and a consequent return to mass-unemployment. Further, the Bretton Woods scheme would most seriously handicap British overseas trade. Though Boothby has his critics, we can ill afford to do without a young man of his ability and courage.

The United States is also expected to raise the colonial question at the San Francisco Conference. The Americans want to take possession of the Japanese mandated Pacific Islands (which were German before 1918), but they do *not* want to call them Colonies, or Imperial possessions. They therefore suggest an international régime; with the further suggestion that Britain might care to hand over her own Colonies to such an administration. Mr. Churchill has certainly stated that Colonies *proper* will not be discussed at the Conference. But the fate of British and other mandates remains. An international administration of true colonies could not be helpful at this stage. International machinery will of course have to be devised to replace the Mandates Commission of the old League of Nations.

SUDETENS DESERVE A HEARING

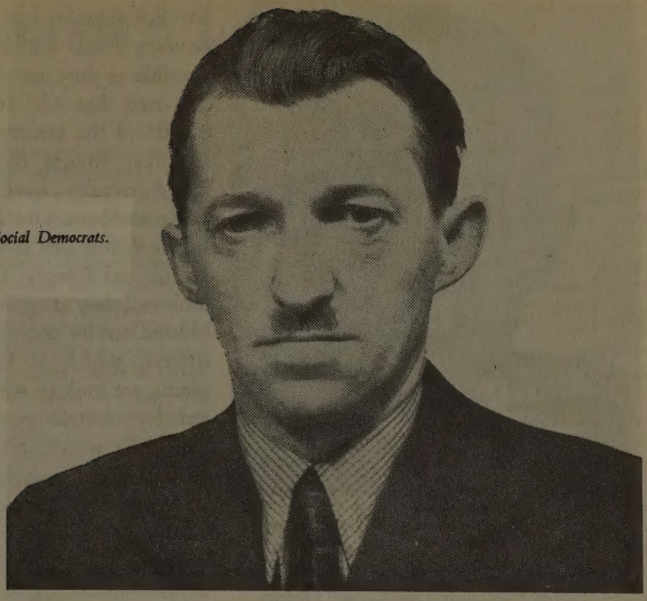
THE reader of British newspapers, or the listener to B.B.C. broadcasts, has been led to believe that the problem of the Sudeten Germans ceased in 1938. The Sudeten population is actually as high as 3.2 millions; and the Sudeten people are at least as important, numerically and politically, as those of, say, Eire. Moreover the industrial output of the Sudetenland before 1938 equalled that of Switzerland. Today it has been doubled, or perhaps trebled.

British judgment of Sudeten opposition to Nazi persecution is wrongly based on the faked election results before

OLIVER STANLEY,
whose Colonial Office has produced an excellent cocoa growing scheme

the 'Munich settlement'. The Czech, Dr. Ripka, has admitted that even in the darkest days of terrorism the Sudeten democrats never fell below one-third of the population. The Sudeten Social Democratic Party (even omitting the Communists), mourns more victims of Nazi terror than the Norwegians or the Belgians. B.B.C. German-language transmissions are still widely listened to by Sudeten German workers, despite drastic punishments. Yet British propaganda has not offered a single word of encouragement to these democrats for years. In fact in July 1942 the Czechoslovak Government in London prevailed upon the B.B.C. to cancel all talks to the Sudeten people. Instead the Sudetens are now told that after the war they will mostly be driven into Germany; and even the rump allowed to remain will be deprived of cultural rights within a 'Slavonic' National state.

Henlein and Frank, the Sudeten Nazi leaders, have avidly seized upon this information. Henlein has recently stated, 'Benes imagines that the Sudeten German question can be solved by killing one million, sending one million as slaves to Siberia, and brutally compelling the rest to change their nationality.' However the next problem is not what to do with the Sudetens after the war. It is to prevent the Nazis from destroying Prague and all Czechoslovakia in their retreat. The expulsion of the Sudetens would create the gravest problem of resettlement in Germany. It would also put out of action the great Sudeten consumers' industries of glass, china and textiles. Again it would assist the Sudeten Nazis to make their escape. The Sudeten democrats ask only that their case should be considered on its merits. A federation of races is being tried, officially at any rate, in the new Yugoslavia. Why not in Czechoslovakia? Why cannot Sudeten Socialists and other democrats now in Britain be permitted to speak to their friends, thus adding to the growing



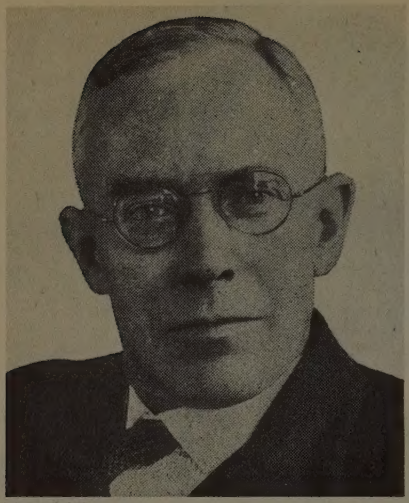
WENZEL JAKSCH,
London leader of Sudeten Social Democrats. He demands justice

Nazi confusion within? Actually even a tolerated rump of 800,000 Sudetens would be more numerous than the 500,000 Ruthenians to whom the Czechs are now offering autonomy. Why not a federal republic of Czechs, Sudetens, Slovaks and Ruthenians? Under this régime a strong democratic coalition of Sudeten Socialists, Catholics and peasants could re-emerge. Such a coalition represented until 1935 80 per cent of the Sudeten population. It is quite untrue that the majority of the Sudeten Germans were ever Nazis. Wenzel Jaksch and Richard Reitzner are two of the leaders of the Sudeten democratic movement in London. They have throughout the war earned the most cordial respect and admiration of all democratic people in this country.

STRANGE MEETING

In October last, in a small town in Western Sweden, a strange meeting took place between two Sudeten men. One was in German uniform. The other was Ernst Paul, the exiled commandant of the militant Republican Guards of the Sudeten Socialists. Both had worked together in years gone by in the Sudeten 'Socialist Youth'. But after the annexation of Sudetenland, by permission of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, at the time of Munich, the uniformed man was unable to escape. As a militant socialist he was thrown into a Nazi prison. Later he was compelled to fight in the German Army. After most heroic attempts he got at last into Sweden.

He reports, 'So long ago as 1943 in the Sudetenland no one any longer gave the greeting Heil Hitler. The members of the former Bund were very greatly disgruntled. Many who had become Nazis were terribly disillusioned. But they had no way back. In the army nobody believed in Hitler's victory. At times 90 per cent of the soldiers were anti-Nazi. But there was nothing to be done. The officers were always at our backs, pistol in



ISAAC FOOT
has thought fit to criticise Joad for admitting he will get tight on Victory Day

hand. After the war, the Social Democratic movement in Sudetenland could be strong. Much depends, of course, on which power occupies Sudeten territory. It is desired that the Western powers should share in the occupation.' Is this man to be left without hope?

SOME MORE PEACE AIMS

LET'S hope the railways will very greatly improve, or we shan't enjoy going anywhere. Not so much the technical stuff, or the 'rolling stock' as the 'amenities', the courtesy, and oh! those still-existing railway buffets! Ivor Brown made a splendid attack on them in the *Observer* the other day. But why do we still joke about them and their lousy waitresses? There is no joke. It's an outrage, and we are a nation of sheep to stand for it. *Ecrasons l'infame!*

Coming to the joys of the road, I hope that *autobahnen*, or *autostrada*, or whatever you like to call them, will be built for fast people, and that the ordinary country roads will be kept as much as possible as they are today.

I trust that Mr. Butlin will leave us a little of the beauty of England which we have fought for. Thank goodness the Admiralty have been chased off Bodmin Moor. One had always thought of the Admiralty as defending England, Home and Beauty. Our cathedral cities look as if they are going to be completely blotted out by 'cooling towers'—cooling towers, which as Professor Riley explains, are built to waste the heat generated by electric power works, which should be warming the people's homes. That's the damnable part! With real planning we should get homes *and* beauty. Yet as soon as a plea is raised for beauty, the anti-planners accuse us of depriving the people of 'progress'. Progress! Liberty! To make this lovely land one vast, abominable Peacehaven!

Let us hope that England in the years to come will have some population left; and that it will not all be artificially inseminated.

At the time of writing I hear that peace celebrations are to be of a 'semi' variety, 'because the war with Japan will not be over'. What nonsense is this? To the Devil with the kill-joys! Let the Russians fire their cannonades, and let us give out a full-blooded British cheer! And an extra cheer for Joad, the only man honest enough to say that, after thanking his God, he will proceed to get tight. 'It's a poor heart that never rejoices', said Lord Lloyd to me, as he offered me another glass of champagne. A few weeks later he was dead, of overwork in the service of the country he loved. Let Isaac Foot put that in his pipe and smoke it! Only he probably hasn't got a pipe!

PARLIAMENT: Monthly Comments

JAMES FOX

THE first Debate (worth mentioning) was the interesting one 'on the Adjournment', when Hector McNeil (Labour, Greenock) raised the question of wartime nurseries. Some 1,500 of these, he said, have been set up; and it was most important that they should continue after the war. How many separations and divorces, he asked, among young married couples in the war years can be traced to the birth of the first child? 'They live in a room of a sub-let house, and then, most properly, along comes an infant, and the girl is tied there night and day. The husband will not, and cannot, sit with her all the time, and their companionship is destroyed.' Why, he asked, should this admirable wartime experiment be ended as soon as the war is over? Mrs. Tate (U., Frome), who has no children, and if she had would no doubt have several nurses for them, objected that 'we are now going to take children from their homes and mothers.' Will Cove (Labour, Aberavon) described his home life as the eldest of twelve children. 'Where was the washing done?' he asked. 'In the kitchen, full of steam and moisture, with the young babies in the cradle in the corner. As the children came along my mother and I used to buy a drug called "Poppies" to put in the milk bottle of the child in order to stop it crying and send it to sleep.' In spite of this, however, Miss Horsbrugh did not seem to think there would be any need for such nurseries after the war!

MORE PUBLICITY FOR BRITISH

Tuesday, 13 March, saw the opening of the hours of sitting. The House met at 2.15 and was due to rise at 9.45 p.m. Such was the interest, however, in the Army Estimates that the Debate continued until after midnight. Sir James Grigg's description of Army achievements during the past year was well told—but a trifle too bare. Member after Member paid tribute to the Army, and *demanded that our troops should have greater publicity*. Dr. Haden Guest (Labour, Islington North) just returned from France, told a good story of what he called Elizabethan courtesy. Two officers went into a ruined house. Senior: 'Has this place been tested for mines?' Junior: 'I don't know, Sir, let me go first.' The A.D.M.S. grunted and went on himself. Willie Gallacher (Communist, West Fife) moved an Amendment, and later withdrew it, calling for an Advisory Council of five officers and ten other ranks to consider the question of demobilisation. Colonel Wise (U., Smethwick) and Fred Bellenger (Labour, Nottingham, Bassetlaw) talked from rather different angles on the post-war future of the regular Army, and John Dugdale (Labour, West Bromwich) discussed the management of P.o.W. camps, *suggesting the separation of Nazis and non-Nazis*. At ten minutes to ten, Dick Stokes (Labour, Ipswich) began a forty-minute speech on tanks—the best tribute to which was that there were nearly one hundred Members at this late hour. The speech ended with the dramatic statement that the Prime Minister and the Minister of Production had 'repeatedly come to the House and lied.' Quintin Hogg (U., Oxford) jumped up and asked whether it was in order to say this.

Mr. Speaker: 'I did not catch the last words of the speech. I was only too glad to hear the end of it.'

There was a sequel to this episode next day, when the Prime Minister made a personal explanation after Questions, and asked Dick Stokes to repeat the exact words he had used. Aneurin Bevan jumped up and said that the House was not in any position to judge the actual language Stokes had used as Members had not yet seen Hansard and 'the statement read out by the Prime Minister as to what I said I know to be inaccurate because I made no such statement last night.' The Government, he said, should have replied, if they wanted to, last night and had no business to raise the question again. Dick Stokes said that he would be quite willing to change the word 'liar' to the expression that the Prime Minister was guilty of 'terminological inexactitudes'. The Members concerned continued to wrangle for some time. Stokes suggested he might use the word 'misled' and finally agreed unequivocally to withdraw the word 'lie', whereupon the whole of the silly squabble came to an end, with the Speaker thanking the House for the way in which it had dealt with the matter.

INCOME TAX RELIEF

On 14 March Sir John Anderson introduced his Income Tax Bill. This Bill allows firms to write off 20 per cent of expenditure on plant and machinery and 10 per cent on buildings as soon as it is incurred. Such expenditure will therefore

not be taxable. On the whole these proposals met with approval, though Sir George Schuster (Lib. Nat., Walsall) was critical; but even he said that the measure represented a great advance. Mr. George Benson (Labour, Chesterfield) compared British industry with Russian enterprise. 'We have to see that, in one way or another, if British industry cannot be persuaded into efficiency, it has to be kicked into efficiency.' Spencer Summers (Cons., Northampton)—who has since been promoted to be Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Overseas Trade—regretted that the Bill was confined to industrial buildings and 'new buildings at that'. Osbert Peake, winding up for the Government, said that the verdict on this Bill would be that 'as Incomes Bills go, it went well.'

You never know what is going to happen in the House of Commons! After this quiet and humdrum discussion, things suddenly flared up on a motion of Sir Herbert Williams (U., Croydon South) to annul the Order in Council making Good Friday into a working day. It did not take more than a few minutes to see that this was a move by a number of Tories to discredit Ernest Bevin, by making out that he wanted the workers to stay in their factories on Good Friday, while the kind Tories all wanted them to have a holiday. It was also designed to show that these same Tories were much more deeply religious than the wicked Labour members who didn't care a tinker's cuss about Good Friday. David Kirkwood (Labour, Dumbarton Burghs) jumped up indignantly and in four minutes debunked the whole scheme. 'I am rather suspicious,' he said, 'when I look at our opponents on the other side who are so anxious about the welfare of the workers.' (Hon. Members:—'Why?') 'Because it is unprecedented in this House. You saw the same array of talent opposing us when we appealed for, and eventually carried, Holidays with Pay . . . If hon. Members are in earnest, will they then support me in my agitation to see to it that the workers get as much for a 47-hour week as they get today for a 60-hour week? (Hon. Members: 'Order.') Mr. Deputy Speaker (Charles Williams) in a warning tone: 'Not on this Prayer; perhaps another day.' Eventually the House divided and nineteen apparently ardent church-goers went into the Lobby in support of Sir Herbert.

Thursday, 15 March, saw three very useful Debates on the Report Stage of the Navy, Army and Air Force Estimates, when a number of Members raised points which they had not been able to raise during the Second Reading Debates. Speaking on Civil Aviation, Frank Bowles (Labour, Nuneaton) told Members that he had repeated requests to address meetings outside the House. 'I make more or less the same speech on every occasion because it is a very good speech. It puts the case fairly clearly in about half-an-hour'. (An hon. Member: 'Is this it?') 'No, this is not the speech. Hon. Members will hear it on Tuesday, if I am fortunate enough to catch Mr. Speaker's eye.'

There followed what Sir Ronald Ross (U., Londonderry) called 'magnificent, high-pressure salesmanship about Prestwick by all Scottish Members'.

On Friday, 16 March, the Welsh Church Burial Grounds Bill inspired Herbert Morrison to quote the Welsh poet, Ceiriog, who said that:

'Psalms and hymns the Cymro hears
In the music of the spheres.'

Nobody understood the Bill except Mr. Morrison and the Welsh Members. Fortunately all parties seemed satisfied, except Dr. Russell Thomas (Lib. Nat.) who fortunately came, not from Wales, but from Southampton.

After this, a short and practical Debate took place on Smoke-Abatement.

DISTRIBUTION OF INDUSTRY

Wednesday the following week saw the introduction by Hugh Dalton of the very important Distribution of Industry Bill, which, so he said, 'is the first instalment of legislation to promote employment after the war within the bounds of the White Paper Policy, and to promote a healthy and well-balanced industrial life in all parts of the country.' The Bill, as readers know, deals principally with what used be be called the 'depressed' and are now called the 'development' areas, and gives the Minister considerable powers to divert industry into these areas, to provide factories and even, in some cases, factory-workers' houses. In spite of it being only an instalment, it was far too big a Bill for Sir John Wardlaw-Milne (U., Kidderminster) to swallow. He made the somewhat surprising observation that 'any person desiring to found a new industry has to consider many questions regarding which this Government, or any Government, have no knowledge at all . . . such as water-supply, labour supply, electricity, markets and climate.' He did not say why industrialists should be in possession of some peculiar information about these matters—especially the climate—which was denied to the Government. 'This,' he said, 'is bureaucracy and socialism carried to the last limit.' Ellis Smith (Labour, Stoke), in following him, said that he had 'spoken very frankly from his point of view

and I propose to speak equally frankly for those who have made this country great. . . . We support this Bill because it is the first positive step taken in this country to prevent a return of the dark, pre-war conditions of the Special Areas. But . . . not for one moment do I say that this Bill will avoid a return of the pre-war conditions . . . all that we say is that it is a positive step towards the prevention of those conditions.' Sir George Schuster went so far as to move the rejection of the Bill which, he said 'gets beyond White Papers and general principles; it has got teeth.' He demanded the setting-up of some body which should be entirely independent of the Government in making decisions as to where industry should go—though who this body was to be responsible to, Heaven only knows! The Bill, he said, was mainly negative. It was as if General Eisenhower were to call together all his Army Commanders and say: 'Gentlemen, I have no plans. It is up to you to make the necessary moves. But please understand this—that not one of you may move any body of troops larger than a platoon without getting my permission and I shall require three months' notice in each case.' The Amendment was supported, curiously enough, by Bill Brown (Ind., Rugby) who said that he was in favour of planning, but only on three conditions—'first that there should be a plan; second that it should be a good plan, and third that the instrument for carrying that plan into effect should be adequate and appropriate. It is because I am satisfied that no one of these conditions is satisfied that I oppose the Second Reading of this Bill.' Later on he said that the Bill was 'a veneer for a vacuum', and 'an example of the misbegotten births that come out of outworn Coalitions in their old age.' In spite of all this, however, the Amendment was withdrawn, and at 10.15 p.m. E. P. Smith (U., Ashford) turned the attention of Members to the development of bee-keeping.

HOUSING—
EVEN DEBATE DISAPPOINTS

The next two days were occupied with the very disappointing Debate on the Housing Situation. Although Members evidently had very strong feelings about the Government's failure to take more drastic action, the matter was not pressed to a division, and the Debate fell rather flat after all the expectations that had been aroused. Arthur Greenwood (Labour, Wakefield) summed up the position by saying, 'We cannot deal with a permanent building programme successfully unless we are prepared to face up to *the control of the use of land.*' As the Government quite plainly are not prepared to do this, the Debate necessarily had an air of unreality. H. W. Butcher [Lib. Nat., Holland (with Boston)] said that he felt 'seized during this Debate with a sense of frustration.' George Buchanan (Labour, Glasgow—Gorbals) described cases in his Division where five different families lived in one house with seven people in each room, all sharing the same lavatory. 'Such conditions,' he said, 'almost beggar description.' He would, he said, bar almost every import by shipping except war and food requirements, and use all the rest of the shipping space for the importation of timber for the building of houses. A. C. Bossom (U., Maidstone), who has considerable knowledge of building operations from his experience in America in designing sky-scrapers, called for simpler Government machinery, with one Minister in charge of housing, and a drastic simplification of the building laws and regulations. He made a strong plea, too, for the *rapid development of pre-fabrication*, and suggested sending a Housing Attaché to Washington to gather information about housing, high-speed tools, machinery and equipment. Dr. Edith Summerskill (Labour, Fulham West) was concerned about the interior fittings of houses. She said she had

Horsbrugh, for the Government, thought there would be no need for public nurseries after the war

Sir George Schuster, brilliant financier. Slightly critical of Income Tax Bill. Does not like Distribution of Industries Bill

been round one of the pre-fabricated houses, and asked, 'Where do you keep the food?' She was shown a sort of cupboard opposite the gas cooker, and said, 'Yes, that is all right for your dry food.' They said, 'Well, you see that space over there is where the other food will be kept when the refrigerators come! But that will be a long time hence, of course.' 'If,' she said, 'the houses are to be manufactured in large numbers, and it is intended to fit refrigerators which are not to be forthcoming for many years, surely the whole question should be revised.' Sir Harry Selley (U., Battersea South), who is himself a builder, defended the building trade. 'Why,' he said, 'is a builder always referred to either as a "speculative builder" or a "jerry-builder"? I have never heard of a "jerry" pork-butcher or a "speculative" pork-butcher.' Dan Frankel (Labour, Mile End) referred to the thirty thousand houses that are coming from America. 'How,' he asked, 'is it that America has the labour to make thirty thousand houses for us when we have not the labour to do it ourselves?'

On Tuesday, 27 March, Members paid a remarkable tribute to Earl Lloyd George. As soon as Questions were over, the Prime Minister rose and said, quite simply, 'I do not think we can do any business today.' The next day tributes were paid to his memory by the Prime Minister and a number of other Members. Outstanding among these tributes was that paid by Aneurin Bevan (Labour, Ebbw Vale), who made undoubtedly one of the finest speeches that the House has heard in recent years, concluding with the words: 'We have lost in his death the most irridescent figure that ever illumined the British political scene.'

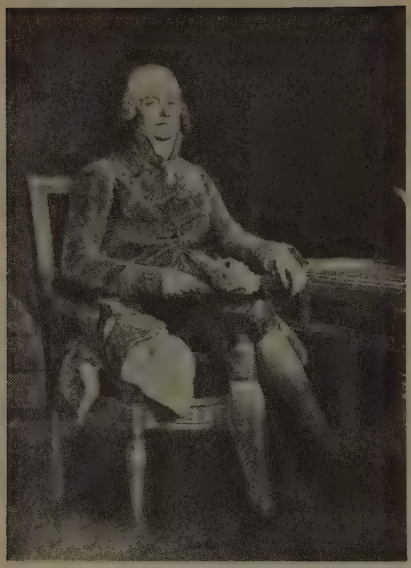
STARVATION IN FRANCE

Later in the day, Lord Winterton (U., Horsham and Worthing) opened a discussion on the supply of food and necessaries of life to the liberated countries. He pointed out that the problem had been made worse by our victorious march to Germany, since the immediate power of the Germans to produce food and goods was being rapidly destroyed and 'her civilian population, at any rate that portion which is not being deported very properly to Russia, or killed by our bombs, will soon be wandering homeless and without food.' 'I believe,' he said, 'that the great Allied Powers have been caught short. They believed that the war would be over sooner than it was, and that is one reason for this lack of transport.' He made a strong plea that the Allies should free Holland 'even at some military cost,' and at some cost of the time of the ending of the war' in order to save hundreds of thousands of Dutchmen from starvation. He then went on to discuss the rations given to German prisoners under the Hague Convention, and said that if they happened to be captured by Americans they got oranges, cigarettes, and meat in tins, since those were, in fact, the rations given to American troops. When the Free French saw these things being handed out to Germans, their looks turned to 'blank astonishment and dismay'. Arthur Greenwood suggested that the Headquarters of UNRRA should be in Europe. 'This country,' he said, 'does not beg for food from any Ally.' But it would be as well, he thought, to remind America that 'in the so-called liberated areas, we shall face a problem the like of which the world has never seen, not even in the grim days of the Black Death.' Clem Attlee then spoke for the Government. In a speech which was a model of clarity, and showed a remarkable grasp of the problems facing Europe, he started off with a description of his own recent visit to liberated countries. When he was in Walcheren, he met people, he said, who stood amid the floods and said to him, 'If we are flooded, at least we are free. This kind of thing has happened to us several times within the last thousand years.' He agreed, however, that Winterton had not exaggerated one iota his description of the terrible disaster threatening the Dutch people in occupied Holland. In answer to Winterton's plea that

people should be allowed to send small parcels of food to their friends in liberated countries, he made the striking statement that the 9,000 tons that we had sent and were still sending from our stocks is equivalent to what would have been sent if every single man, woman and child in this country who had a ration card had sent a food parcel weighing 4 lbs. overseas every month for 11 months. Sir Arthur Salter (Independent, Oxford University) said he thought that the Governments who created UNRRA started it too early, organised it too cumbrously, circumscribed it too narrowly and advertised it too enthusiastically.' He wanted UNRRA officials, if possible, to be associated, even at this earliest stage, with the Military Authorities. Commander Prior (U., Birmingham, Aston) described conditions in Spanish refugee camps, which he had actually seen himself. 'Women and children huddled together with no accommodation for sleeping. Only two plates of soup a day. No arrangement for washing and very inadequate sanitary arrangements. Parents were taken away from children who screamed all night. If a German deserter came in, he was immediately accorded special privileges and special food.' Major Mott-Radclyffe (U., Windsor) said that we had not got enough transport, and that it was impossible to put a gallon into a half-pint can. Dr. Haden Guest (Labour, Islington North), described some of his experiences when over in France and Belgium recently. 'The food situation,' he said, 'is an arrangement which has been deliberately engineered by the Germans. Everyone in this House has been talking tonight as if conditions of semi-starvation and deprivation, which have come into existence, have happened fairly recently, almost during the last year. It is nothing of the sort. . . . The ration scales provided by the Germans for large numbers of the population of France were deliberately insufficient right back to 1940 and 1941. It was a piece of deliberate policy to underfeed large sections of the population. They would say, for example, 'you must get on with making these motor-waggons and you will get good rations.' Sir Ralph Glyn (U., Abingdon) who, as a railway director, has been over to France to study transport conditions, said that *there are in France about four hundred and fifty thousand unemployed, many of them trained mechanics*; and asked that they might be brought over to this country to help in the repair of lorries, which could later be used in France. C. E. G. C. Emmott (U., Surrey East) said that, in spite of the appalling food shortage in Europe, Argentina last year was burning maize in her locomotive engines, and this year she is

Haden Guest thought food scarcity in France not new, and engineered by Germans

burning linseed in the same way, while Egypt is now burning cotton seeds in her engines. A. P. Herbert (Ind., Oxford University) proposed the formation under the Admiralty of a Citizen Fleet which would *carry on a sort of reverse Dunkirk*, and supply liberated Europe with the food which could not be got to her for lack of large transport vessels. Charles Taylor (U., Eastbourne) was another of those who have recently been to France. In Paris, he said, early this year, there was no heating, no light, no food, except perhaps leeks, cauliflowers and other vegetables, and the French were existing on mashed vegetables, served in cold water. 'The legs of the children were past belief, thin, spindly legs,' but he added that 'for the modest sum of about £5 a good meal can be bought in Paris, if you know where to go.' And he then described the meal that he had had in a French hotel requisitioned by the Americans. 'Our breakfast,' he said, 'consisted of tomato juice, porridge and cream, omelette and bacon. This was served by French waiters, and they go back to their families and talk about it.' This remark for some reason best known to himself, incensed Sir James Grigg, who muttered '*skunk*' under his breath. Except for this small incident, however, the Debate was a very useful one—Members refraining from moving appeals to the emotions, and concentrating on practical suggestions for putting an end to the appalling situation.



CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD,
Ambassador of France

WHY NO TALLEYRAND AT YALTA?

FRANCE AND EUROPE LEFT OUT

CHARLES O'HAGAN

HAD Talleyrand lived his astounding life during the twentieth century, would he have been present at the Crimea Conference? The answer is, I think, yes. Unfortunately France does not possess at present a leader of such international standing as Prince Talleyrand-Périgord. Some may argue that such an arch-intriguer would have made his peace with Pétain. This is most unlikely. It is far more likely that he would have been found among the ranks of the Free French. Here he would have been a moderating and invaluable influence, both on his fellow countrymen and on his fellow Europeans.

Talleyrand was a first-rate diplomatist; more than that, he was a great European. He often remarked that he never deserted France's leaders until they had deserted themselves. By 'desertion' he meant that they had deserted the true interests of France, which were, as she was part of Europe, his conception of the true interests of Europe. He turned against all, even his own countrymen who attempted to dominate Europe by force. And he turned against them because he realised that European civilisation could never exist in a strait-jacket of uniformity backed by force.

However much we may, and rightly so, applaud the Yalta agreement by the Big Three, we cannot get away from the fact that Europe is having her fate decided by non-Europeans. At most it may be conceded that Mr. Churchill is a semi-European. But were any of the Big Three as capable of appreciating the basic problems of Europe as would have been a twentieth-century Talleyrand? No. America by her very remoteness sees problems dimly through the cloud of a much higher standard of living; Britain has never known what it is to come under German domination; Russia, more intent on the export of ideas than in exchange, appears to concentrate on strategic frontiers. None of these countries—we must face it squarely—is as likely to grasp the needs and mentality of the new shell-shocked Europe as would a Frenchman of the calibre of Talleyrand.

Perhaps such a man is one of Europe's most urgent needs. A European statesman and diplomatist, with similar detachment from the superficial slogans and theories of a revolutionary age, and yet with a deep understanding of the basic problems that lie beneath the froth of war, party and national ambitions; a man who is no slave to any ideology to which everyone and everything must be fitted without opposition by the terrifying means which modern science puts into the hands of a despotic ruler, but at the same time a man who has realised a profound truth about politics, that 'everything that is done on those principles (the principles Talleyrand was advocating after Waterloo as being the most likely to bring prolonged peace to Europe and France) will be in accord with the ideas of the age, and one must always move, and move prudently, with the ideas of one's age.' Let us hope that there are still European statesmen and diplomatists who will enable us and our great non-European Allies to move prudently with our age. If they do not arise, or are ignored, the future of European civilisation looks black indeed.

5

THE TRUTH ABOUT MIHAILOVICH? (III)

TEA WITH A 'GESTAPO AGENT'

D. MILOSH SEKULICH

ONE day Edward Hulton phoned me: 'Are you still enjoying your freedom? Could you come and see me?'

'Of course,' I said, and went at once.

He welcomed me: 'I am very lucky to have the opportunity of talking with a "Gestapo Agent", still free in the heart of London.'

He held in his hands the book *My Native Land* by Louis Adamic (Harper & Brothers, 1943) and, opening it, said: 'Read this.'

On page 407 I read the following:

'. . . A Serbian messenger named Sekulich got out of Axis-occupied Yugoslavia with a German and Quisling Nedich passport, reached Turkey, and gave the photographs, the report of a puppet Bishop, to a German general named Dunkelmann, and other "documents" (all Gestapo approved) to the Yugoslav diplomatic officials in Istanbul. The material was then rushed to London by the same courier, Sekulich, now travelling on a Yugoslav passport. British authorities arrested him on suspicion of being a Nazi agent . . .'

Then Hulton continued: 'I remember well how you were welcomed by the press when you arrived in London. Have a look, for instance, at this article in the *Daily Express* (14 July 1942, written by Charles Foley), entitled "Draza Mihailovich is my Friend". Sub-title: "Milosh Sekulich, Envoy Extraordinary for the Yugoslav Government in London, crossed seven frontiers to tell this story—of a strong, vital and spreading European secret front and of the General behind it".'

Under the photograph was written: 'For many months chief consultant of the municipal hospital in Nazi Belgrade by day; by night, chief organiser of the underground front against the Germans.'

'*What is the truth?*' Hulton asked.

The truth is, as you see, that I have been absolutely free for three years in London. No policeman so far has even asked to see my identity card. No law court has summoned me for 'being a Nazi agent.' It means that Adamic is better informed than the British Intelligence Service. But your press, which I considered the best informed and the most reliable, is actually deceiving the British public. For a long time a large number of your papers, including in particular those of the 'Left', glorified Mihailovich, calling him the Serbian Robin Hood (*Sunday Express*, 23 November 1941), champion of freedom, etc. Suddenly, however, Mihailovich became a 'traitor, a reactionary and a collaborationist'—as he was later called. According to the *News Chronicle* (20 October 1944), Mihailovich even deserted his own country and troops and went abroad. The *Star* of 20 October 1944 quoted Free Yugoslav Radio: 'There is no corner of the world where he should be able to take refuge.' On 17 March of this year the *Daily Worker* said, however, that 'Mihailovich is, after all, in Yugoslavia near Sarajevo in Bosnia.' As a matter of fact, Mihailovich is in Bosnia fighting the Germans, being obliged at the same time to defend himself against those who were armed by Great Britain with British-produced weapons. This is the truth.

The American and Soviet press did the same. In an article published in the Soviet paper *The Slavs* in October 1943, two Yugoslav Communist leaders, B. Maslarich and V. Vlahovich, writing about Mihailovich as a traitor, quoted a document 'proving' that he actually was a traitor in which it is alleged that a second lieutenant from Mihailovich's organisation, named Ivanich, had once signed an order how to demand food from the Italians.

While the Allied press accused Mihailovich of being a traitor without producing any proof whatsoever of his treachery, Tito nominated, as his representative, in the former Subasich Government, General Ristich, who himself said in a broadcast on 13 September 1944: 'I left Belgrade on 18 June of this year. How had this come to pass, when I had given my word and pledged myself to keep a certain attitude towards the Germans after my return from the prisoner of war camp?' Annoyed because his statement was published in the *Nineteenth Century and After* (February 1945), General Ristich wrote to the editor (see *Nineteenth Century* for March 1945) as follows: 'My talk over the B.B.C. was broadcast to my people. It has been entirely understood by them. My dealing with the Germans was an open legitimate relationship well known to my companions in

captivity. It was my wish to print a book for which I was soliciting the permission of the Germans, and that was all . . .' The Editor commented on this in the following manner: '. . . . They must have approved of the contents of this book for, if we are not mistaken, it is not their custom to give facilities for publications of which they do not approve. We shall be happy to receive a copy of this book for review, when it is published.' No doubt General Ristich was relieved from his post to give him time to finish the book now under the auspices of Tito.

WORLD REVIEW has given the full truth about Mihailovich. I will not add anything more.

I should like to point out only one thing. The news about Mihailovich's 'escape' was repeated many times.

It was really Tito who escaped from his country, deserting his people and his army, staying for months abroad under British and Russian auspices, returning to Belgrade from exile after the Russian armies had liberated the capital from the Germans. Rhona Churchill writes as follows in the *Daily Mail* of 2 March, quoting the words of Helmuth Kleber, S.S. Troop man captured by the British: 'We took the Yugoslavs completely by surprise, although they knew we were planning such a landing. Tito knew we were coming, but expected us the next day. He drove out of his camp as our planes were dropping us. The first thing I saw when I reached his headquarters were the bodies of two Yugoslav girls, fanatical Nazis, whom we had trained as spies and sent to his camp equipped with morse radio transmitters. We had been in constant communication with these two girls, who had done valuable work for us. They made the whole attack possible. . . . We fought in Tito's camp for four days before our own forces relieved us. By the time they came only 120 of our original 600 were still living. . . .'

Mihailovich's headquarters were also attacked and surrounded, together with Mihailovich himself and Colonel Baily, British military representative, by the Germans in Montenegro, but of course he is still alive in the country.

Another point. In *Serbian Word* (Communist paper in Croatia) of 23 November 1944, we read the following: '. . . In the first days of arising, the Serbs in masses fought the much stronger enemy. They directed their fight against the invaders and Ustashi in the proper way, thanks to the Communist Party.'

I should be interested to know the reaction of British public opinion to a statement that, because Mr. Churchill is a Conservative, it is due to the Conservative Party that the British are fighting the Germans. But in the ranks of the Partisans, unfortunately, we have so far heard only about the Communist Party.

The Serbs had, in the beginning, fought against the Germans, regardless of who the leader was, and they left Tito in Serbia in 1941 when he proclaimed a Communist Republic in Uzhice. They didn't want to bring about the social revolution under German occupation.

The press here has not reported for the last two years even one battle that has been fought by Mihailovich's men against the Germans. Some papers have done it in America. Thousands of people have been either killed or captured. Some of them were sent to forced labour in France and Germany. Hundreds of them escaped, or were liberated by the Anglo-American armies, and many of them have even arrived in England. And what happened to the first five who arrived here? They were invited to a private house to meet a journalist, and to tell their story. The next day Mihailo Petrovich, correspondent of the *Tanjug*, Tito's agency, wrote a letter to the Yugoslav Military Attaché, Lieut.-Colonel Zobenica, saying: '. . . According to reliable information in my possession, they have been sent here by the Germans to make statements in the spirit of German propaganda . . .' Not only Adamic, chief Tito propagandist in America, but Petrovich, former chief Tito propagandist in Britain, was better informed than your Intelligence Service. But this group, as well as many others, in spite of terrible pressure, refused to join Tito's army, and remained here waiting for the chance of fighting the Germans in any Allied army. Again the same principle: everyone who does not join them (the Communists) *is accused of being a traitor or a Gestapo agent.* I paid full tribute to the Partisans when I arrived in London. For example, Charles Foley (*Daily Express*, 14 July 1942) wrote of my interview with him: 'Sekulich paid high tribute to the Communist Partisans, who are fighting the Germans in Eastern Serbia. . . .' In spite of the fact that I broadcast to Yugoslavia on 22 November 1941, appealing: 'But you, Chetniks and Partisans, must avoid friction and pull together. . .', and in another, on 2 January 1942, concluding: 'Soldiers, Chetniks, and Partisans, you must be resolute, and maintain the fight as the Russian Partisans are doing behind Hitler's line in Russia.' While almost all Yugoslavs abroad who joined Tito were now definitely pro-Mihailovich, and against Tito, I was accused by those people who changed their minds of being a German agent. But I am not a sufficiently important man to deny Adamic's (or anybody else's)

"Draja Mihailovich is my friend"

Milosh Sekulich, Envoy Extraordinary for the Jugo-Slav Government in London, crossed many frontiers to tell this story—of a strong, vital and spreading European secret front and of the general behind it

SEKULICH

Charles Foley

'Daily Express', 14 July 1942. Mihailovich was the hero of the hour! To be his friend made one 'headline news'

accusations, as I have more constructive work to do. If I am doing it today, it is not because those people merit any attention, but because *I wish to reveal to the public this terrible new method of propaganda and political fight based on LIES.* There is another point: Mihailovich himself is far away, and cannot defend himself. If I am doing it, it is because I am in reality defending the whole of the Serbian people, and even the whole of democratic Yugoslavia.

Why did I escape to London? *I brought the map of Mihailovich's headquarters, and of his aerodrome on Ravna Gora.* I gave one copy of it to the British Military Authorities in Cairo on 15 October 1941. This map was hidden in the sole of one of my shoes. In the other I had *a cypher code. I also* brought the programme of the Central National Committee, formed in Belgrade in August 1941 —a political representative body, which was, and still is, in full collaboration with the forces of Mihailovich. Many of them were executed by the Germans, as, for example, Y. Popovich, former Deputy Minister for Agriculture; O. Mastilovich, lawyer from Sarajevo; S. Delich, civil servant—consumer—co-operative director in Belgrade; and many others. From this programme it was clear that the Serbian people, in spite of the terrible massacres of Serbs in Pavelich's Croatia, were not against Yugoslavia, but that the idea of federation was completely ripe there. The text of the programme, during my travels, was sewn into the lining of my suit. *I brought two reports,* one of a few pages, and another of about forty. Really they were two appeals by the Serbian Orthodox Church. The shorter one was sent to General Schroeder, the C.-in-C. of the German occupational forces in Serbia, and the other was sent to General Dunkelmann who replaced General Schroeder. These reports circulated in the country secretly among

the population. In the reports the Serbian Orthodox Church asked the German Generals to intervene with Pavelich to stop the massacres of Serbs. I believe it was quite natural that the Church should intervene without fear. For Adamic: 'the Serbian priests reacted just as the Gestapo had expected. . . .' The Serbian Bishop for him was 'a puppet Bishop'. What would Adamic call the Archbishop of Canterbury, who did almost the same as the Serbian Bishop? But Adamic was not alone. Behind him was a group of people, some of them in my opinion true political desperadoes. I think that the 'exclusive material' on which he wrote his book came from this type of person. (On the cover of Adamic's book there is an advertisement, 'based upon the author's exclusive material, *this incredible story of Yugoslavia*— . . .')

Louis Adamic wrote on page 407 as follows:

'Photographs of the massacres existed (he referred to the pictures of the Ustashi massacres). I saw some of them. Some were horrible beyond words. There were pictures of vast piles of bodies, of stacked-up heads, tubfuls and necklaces of human eyes. But only a few looked authentic: it was clear that most of them were 'arranged' by Gestapo photographers. In two or three of the pictures men in the garb of Catholic priests were among the Ustashis.

'. . . All or most of the pictures were taken by the Gestapo agents who turned them over to Serbian Orthodox clergymen, with such remarks as: "See what the Croats are doing to the Serbians in Croatia." The Serbian priests reacted just as the Gestapo had expected. Some went well-nigh mad. They must get this information to the Serbians in the Government in London as soon as possible! The Gestapo helped to arrange this. . . .' After these words comes the quotation mentioned in the beginning. About all this I have to say: *I did not bring any photographs with me.* The photographs about which Adamic speaks were exhibited at my press conference in London on 20 November 1941, and were presented by Dr. Kuhar, the Director of Yugoslav Propaganda. They had been collected by the government from several sources before I reached London. *It is not true that I got out of Axis-occupied Yugoslavia with a German and Quizling Nedich passport.* It can be quite clearly seen from the photostats on my passport that *I managed to obtain a Turkish visa, and a Bulgarian transit permit on my old Yugoslav passport,* issued in February 1939, and extended by a forged renewal on 28 March 1941. This renewal was written by a friend of mine, Lazar Trklja, the secretary of the Serbian Agrarian Party. The handwriting was recognised by the chairman of the party, Dr. Gavrilovich, here in London. The forged visa which should have been issued by the police can be easily recognised, because it was dated 28 March 1941, which means before the occupation of Yugoslavia, and the stamp was that of the occupation. The occupational stamp did not bear the emblems of Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia, but had only a blank circle. The renewal was done not in Belgrade as the regulations demanded, but at Umka. The chief of police in Umka was Uroshevich, but not Petrovich as it was signed. The Turkish and Bulgarian Consuls were not only friendly to me, but I believe strongly anti-German as well.

I did not bring to London any Gestapo-approved 'documents'.

Adamic then continued:

'British authorities arrested him on suspicion of being a Nazi agent, but he was subsequently released on the insistence of the Yugoslav Government's inner clique, to whom he had delivered the information, and who vouched for him. . . .'

It is not true that I was arrested by the British authorities, but it is true, and I am very glad to say so, that on my way from Belgrade to London I was well examined by them for the first time because I came from occupied Europe. In the institution where I was examined, I spent the shortest possible time. There was no suspicion of any kind. There was no intervention from the Yugoslav Government. It is absolutely untrue that anybody vouched for me, as Adamic wrote.

Adamic continued: '. . . Still later Sekulich became the London correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Serbobran.*'

Even this was not true. I have never sent any information or any articles to the American *Serbobran.*

The basis of this accusation against me was not only to attack Mihailovich through me, but to entirely cover up the fact that there had been great massacres of Serbs in Pavelich's Croatia. *This problem of massacres played, and is playing, the most important rôle in the politics of Yugoslavia itself, as well as abroad.* This question brought the leading Croats and Tito together, so that Dr. Subasich, Dr. Shutej, Dr. Bichanich, Yanchekovich, and others left their leader, Dr. Krnjevich, abroad, in spite of the fact that he declared in the *Daily Telegraph,* 11 January 1945:

'The King of Yugoslavia has no right to accept the agreements concluded between the President of the Yugoslav Government (Dr. Subasich) and the National Liberation Movement. He cannot do so if he wishes to be a constitutional Monarch. He has no right to

Translation of above:

NEWS AGENCY,
NEW YUGOSLAVIA (TANJUG)
(London Branch: 53 Eaton Place)

To Colonel D. Zobenica,
Military Attaché, London.

After our telephone conversation of today, I consider it necessary to tell you the following, in writing:

During my telephone conversation with you I told you the following:

1. That five young men, who are posing in London as men of the traitor Draza Mihailovich, have called a conference of journalists for this afternoon in order to make statements before journalists which they have no right to do, being privates conscripted in the army.

2. Since they have been in London, they have been talking and making statements which are contrary to the official policy of Yugoslavia, the policy of our Allies, the statements made by Mr. Churchill, and in general their statements are contrary to the interests of our people and its present struggle.

3. According to reliable information in my possession, they have been sent here by the Germans to make statements in the spirit of German propaganda.

In view of this, I have requested you, in your capacity as their direct senior officer, to forbid them to make any political statements, because it would be greatly damaging to our people at the present decisive moment.

At first you attempted to avoid a concrete answer, excusing yourself by administrative formalities. Then you said that, being citizens of Yugoslavia, they have every right, like others, to make statements in London.

To this I replied that no Yugoslav conscripts in London wearing uniform have ever made any statements to newspapers without being authorised to do so.

Reminding you of this conversation I wish to emphasize:

That you have taken under protection before me men whom you know very well to be defending a policy contrary to the official policy of Yugoslavia.

Finally, I beg you again to do everything to prevent these men, who are under your orders, from causing, through their irresponsible statements, damage to our national cause for which a million of our compatriots have already given their lives on the battlefield. Otherwise, and in view of your statements on the telephone, I shall consider you personally responsible for everything they might say before Allied journalists.

(*Signed*) MIHAILO PETROVITCH,
Correspondent of the 'Tanjug'

London,
1 November 1944

Petrovitch, of Tito's Agency in London, tries to get the Yugoslav Military Attaché to prevent Serbians from expressing themselves in London, and says that they have been sent by the Germans

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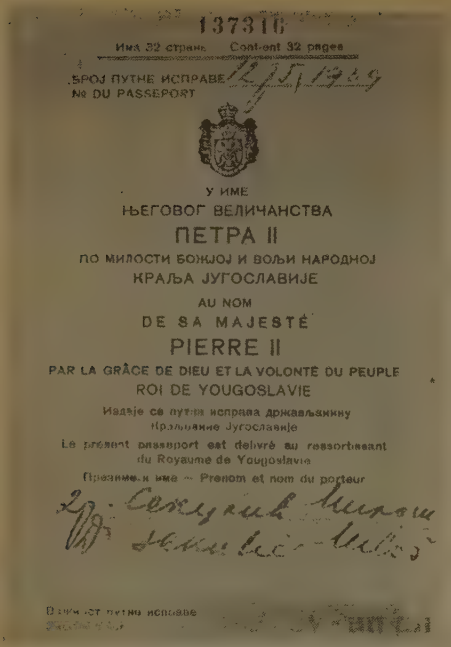
impose upon the peoples of his country a monopolistic one-party rule. No King has a right to make such profound constitutional changes, which could only be made by the peoples themselves.'

Despite Tito's assurance that there is unity in his ranks, I am convinced that many objective Partisans would agree with me that inside Tito's ranks there still exists a point of disunity between Serbs and Croats, now based on the problem of the massacres, and acute today in the presence of people like Subasich, Shutej, Kosanovich and others.

When I arrived in London, I asked the Croat leaders: 'Cry with us a little over the poor victims: this would be the beginning of unity between the Yugoslav peoples.'

Instead of doing this, they took the view that there were no massacres, as Bichanich tried to assure the people, and there were 'brothers killing brothers', as Yukich broadcast to Yugoslavia. In Yugoslavia there was a great Croat and Yugoslav, Minister P. Grisogono, who was not afraid to openly protest against the massacres. There was a wonderful start by Dr. Subasich on 15 November 1941 in Pittsburgh. At a big Yugoslav meeting *in the afternoon* he said:

'History provides no record of any quarrels or battles between either the Croatian and Slovenian peoples, or the Croatian and Serbian peoples. Serbia did not sign the London Pact of 1915, despite the fact that it was not clear what frontier and what constitution this future Yugoslav State would have. Serbia could not do this because it did not wish to cut into the body of the Croatian people. Why did this happen? It happened because Croatia, Serbia, and Slovenia came to the Peace Conference as a single united



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Има 32 стране Contient 32 pages

БРОЈ ПУТНЕ ИСПРАВЕ 12/5/1949
№ DU PASSEPORT

У ИМЕ
ЊЕГОВОГ ВЕЛИЧАНСТВА
ПЕТРА II
ПО МИЛОСТИ БОЖЈОЈ И ВОЉИ НАРОДНОЈ
КРАЉА ЈУГОСЛАВИЈЕ

AU NOM
DE SA MAJESTÉ
PIERRE II
PAR LA GRÂCE DE DIEU ET LA VOLONTÉ DU PEUPLE
ROI DE YOUGOSLAVIE

Издаје се путна исправа држављанину
Краљевине Југославије

Le présent passeport est délivré au ressortissant
du Royaume de Yougoslavie

Презиме и име — Prénom et nom du porteur

Важност путне исправе

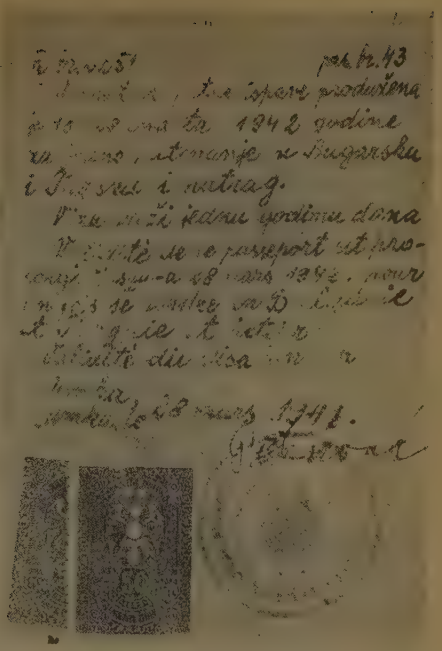
DOCUMENTARY PROOF!
Sekulich's passport. It is an original old Yugoslav passport

state. Because the problem of Dalmatia was most difficult, our brother people, the Serbs, despite all the heavy sacrifices they made in the war, and despite their glorious victories, decided to send Trumbich, the Croat, to the Peace Conference, as their Foreign Minister, representing the United Kingdom. All that was accomplished and brought to fruition at Versailles was accomplished only because through our representatives we had declared ourselves to be a single state, embracing a single people known by three names. *Thus we became—all three peoples together—a member of the victorious Allies.*

'I raise my voice in protest before God, before our Allies, before the whole world. I protest against the fact that our centuries-old enemies, who are also the enemies of all humanity, have for evil purposes usurped the holy name of the Croat people and Croatia, and have given it to the murderous organisation of the hireling Führer Pavelich at the moment when he and his Ustashi are perpetrating the greatest crimes against our brother people, the Serbs, and against those heroic Croatians who are defending the honour and pride of the Croatian people. The Croatian people will wash its honour clean and will bring balsam to the wounded breasts of its brother people. I not only *believe* that this will happen; I am sure that it *will* happen because I know my Croatian people. For this I take my stand as Ban of Croatia and of the Croatian people.

'I repudiate all attempts to associate the Croatian people with, or to accuse them of, the massacres which are going on—if they are going on—no matter who the victims of these massacres are, and especially if they are being perpetrated against our brother people, the Serbs. I ask the whole Croatian, the whole Serbian, and the whole Slovenian peoples to feel the pain and suffering that has been inflicted on any of their brothers as their own pain, their own suffering, and to learn from this pain that the enemy of one of us is the enemy of all of us.'

With tears in their eyes the Serbs shook Dr. Subasich's hand and thanked him. *But it was Subasich of the afternoon. In the evening* the United Croatian Brotherhood held a dinner. *Dr. Subasich of the evening said*: 'I have just received the following telegram from London. The so-called document published in *Serbobran* is a telegram sent to our Government *with information about the tragic events recently forged* by chauvinists in the Middle East, and containing completely groundless attacks on the Croatian



DOCUMENTARY PROOF! Permit for Sekulich to leave Yugoslavia. The police visa is forged, to outwit the Nazis. It was issued by Lazar Trklja, Secretary of the Serbian Agrarian Party, in 1941. The stamps are those of the Nedich régime

people and the Catholic Church. This telegram, which was published in violation of the decision taken at a meeting of the Government, does not coincide with a telegram subsequently received from our Minister in Turkey.

OUR GREETINGS TO YOU AND THE ENTIRE CROATIAN PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

KRNJEVICH, SHUTEJ.

(I was in London at that time, and Shutej didn't want to see me.)

To the Serbs this was an act of violent treachery.

Sava Kosanovich spoke in the presence of Dr. Subasich, continuing the faithful support of those Croatian leaders. He said: 'There are among us people who wish to perpetuate the feud between Serbs and Croats. From 1848 until now, the Croats have stood together with the Serbs. It has been said that there are some Serbs who now, at the very moment when this historic meeting is taking place, are writing and labouring more nefariously than they have ever done before. This is clear to us, because Hitler and Mussolini have been telling us for years that Serbs and Croats cannot get together. This work is the work of Nazi and Fascist propaganda, to which some people have lent themselves as naïve accomplices. It is not precluded, and it may perhaps yet be proved, that the publication of the *Serbobran* document and the campaign which it is carrying on, is a very subtle machination of Hitler's to make impossible the recreation of Yugoslavia.'

A little later, in the spring of 1942, Dr. Bichanich, Vice-Governor of the State Bank, tried to assure Dr. Gavrilovich, former Yugoslav Ambassador to Moscow, and later Minister of Justice in the Yugoslavian Cabinet in London, that I was a German agent. Dr. Gavrilovich rejected this, as can be seen from the following letter, sent to me by Dr. Gavrilovich: 'In the spring of 1942, after my arrival in London from Moscow, Dr. Bichanich approached me and told me that he was of the opinion that Dr. Sekulich had come to London as an agent of Nedich and the Germans for the purpose of stirring up hostility between the Serbs and the Croats. He told me that he didn't believe that there had been any massacres at all. In support of his opinion that Dr. Sekulich must be a German agent, he asked how it was possible for him to get out of

the country. I replied that I knew Dr. Sekulich very well and considered him to be a reliable person. Moreover, I had seen the passport with which he had left the country. It was an old Yugoslav passport, with a forged Serbian exit for Bulgaria and Turkey, in the handwriting of the secretary of my party, Lazar Trklja, who had been with Mihailovich from the beginning. Dr. Bichanich seemed rather surprised at this information, but he still appeared to believe that there had been no massacres.' What will Seton Watson now say after Tito's declaration?

This group—Dr. Subasich, Dr. Shutej, Dr. Bichanich, and S. Kosanovich—are now collaborating with Tito who is a Croat, and stated in *The Yugoslav People's Fight to Live* that '*during the three months of 1941, with the aid of Ustashi villains, the Nazis succeeded in exterminating more than half a million Serbs in Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Voyvodina.*'

Even Seton Watson criticised the Croat members of the Government for failing to condemn the massacres in their regular broadcasts to Yugoslavia, but he said that 'the Serbs had badly damaged their case by greatly exaggerating the facts of the massacres.'

By the wish of Mr. Churchill, Dr. Subasich formed a cabinet to unite this group of Croats, who left the Croatian people and their leader still sitting in a German prison, and went to Tito, who found 80% of the people against him when he entered Belgrade, as was stated in *The New Statesman and Nation*, 27 January 1945, by Stoyan Pribichevich, another member of the anti-Yugoslav group, and the strong follower of Tito.

When Dr. Subasich formed his first government, he at once started to dismiss the Serbs from their posts abroad. They have not yet been refilled after almost one year. The Yugoslav official gazette was full of decrees of dismissed Serbs. When Dr. Subasich left London in order to meet Tito, Dr. Shutej (who voted for the Tripartite Pact in the Cvetkovich Cabinet, entered the Cabinet of 27 March; was for more than two years in the Cabinet with Mihailovich and now is in the Tito Cabinet in Belgrade which constantly called Mihailovich a traitor) replaced him and continued the work. Dr. Shutej at once cancelled my appointment as delegate to UNRRA in Washington, probably fearing that I might discover the authors of Adamic's 'exclusive material' in America. His decree was unique because it was signed by him on behalf of the Prime Minister, and all other Ministers. Fearing that I could use my passport on which I already had the American entry permit, and British exit visa, he urgently asked the British authorities to take my diplomatic passport from me, and to cancel the visa, in spite of the fact that my passport was in the hands of the Yugoslav Embassy. My desire to go to America was always opposed by the people in Shutej's company.

I hope that one day some of the important Croats will realise that this kind of fighting against the Serbian people is harmful not only to the Serbs, but also to the Croatian people, and definitely to Yugoslavia. Yugoslav peoples will one day discover this gang of Croats and Serbs causing Yugoslav disunity and will condemn them. Only then will the British public learn the full truth. During this war the Serbs fought again almost alone in Yugoslavia when the Yugoslav Army was destroyed until the capitulation of Italy. If we read in the *Serbian Word* of 23 November 1944, we find the following: '. . . In December 1943 Marshal Tito wrote: "I must point out that the Serbian, Montenegran, Bosnian, Lika Partisans and Brigades which were *formed exclusively of Serbs, fought, and today are still fighting, against the invaders.*" In the same article Dr. Vladimir Bakarich was quoted: "With their fighting Serbs in Croatia helped the Croats to arise *en masse*, and to fight together against the enemy . . "'

In the ranks of Mihailovich there were in the beginning almost only Serbs, and some Slovenes; now there are many Croats and Moslems. I have always believed that a new democratic Yugoslavia could be created not only by the blood of the Serbs as during the last war, but by the blood of the Croats also. Then the future of Yugoslavia can be assured, and all differences wiped out.

In conclusion, I would like to mention a very dear and important statue of the Serbs which has been created by an eminent British sculptor. It represented a woman—Great Britain—embracing the two children on each side of her. One represented Belgium, the other Serbia. The artist expressed the feelings of Britain which stood as a protector of the small nations. This statue, which has been exhibited in the Foreign Office between the two wars, cannot be seen now, I believe, because of air-raids. We hope that it will one day appear again, but greater and many more small children will have to be included.

Today, on the fourth anniversary of the revolution of 27 March 1941, we Serbs can bear in mind the words of Daniel O'Connell (in the British Parliament 110 years ago): 'Nothing that is morally wrong can be politically right.'

SERVICEMEN!
BRETTON WOODS MEANS UNEMPLOYMENT AGAIN!

PIERSE LOFTUS, M.P.

P. C. LOFTUS, *M.P. for Lowestoft, one of the very few M.P.s who understand monetary theory*

YOU are hoping, and expecting, that the years following this war will be different from, and a great improvement upon, the troubled period following the last. You expect full employment, and that the productive resources of the nation (its land, factories and manpower) will be used to the fullest extent to produce a large increasing national income, so that we will be able to provide ourselves with the things we desire: good and plentiful houses, better educational facilities, and greatly improved social and health services.

You dread the return of the old booms alternating with slumps; the bitter periods of deflation when credit (i.e. the purchasing power of the community) was restricted and destroyed, and manufacturers were faced with the grim alternatives of cutting down costs (i.e. wages) or bankruptcy, and employees lived under the ever-present fear of life upon a meagre dole.

You remember, with a feeling of humiliation, how a few private individuals in New York, certain bankers, told us we were importing too much and ordered the British Government and Parliament to cut down pay and pensions and social services, and you ask, could anything like this happen again?

Will the coming years fulfil our hopes, or will all end in frustration as before? I answer that it will largely depend on whether we pursue a different financial policy based on different principles.

If we were to pursue anything like the same policy, then (as like causes produce like events) we shall find the same unhappy sequence as after the last war.

Let us consider what were some of the causes of our and the world's economic troubles in the years following the last war.

First, we fixed the values in gold—the exchange parities—of the dollar and the pound too soon, before world trade had settled down, and we fixed the value of the pound in relation to the dollar at far too high a level.

To maintain this unnatural parity with the dollar (based on gold content), we were forced from time to time to indulge in long bouts of deflation—forcing up the Bank Rate to 7%. (Every time the Bank Rate was raised by 1% the figures of unemployed rose by hundreds of thousands, as the eminent banker, the late Mr. R. McKenna, pointed out.)

Does the Bretton Woods Agreement prevent the repetition of such a mistake? *It does not.* It fixes the parity of the pound and dollar (based on the gold content of the dollar) probably quite soon after the armistice with Germany (the Agreement is not 'to enter into force before 1 May 1945') before international trade has had any opportunity of resuming anything approaching normality, and when the greatest economic experts are widely at variance in their estimates as to what the correct values are or will be.

It may be said there are safeguards. We can devalue by 10% without the permission of the Fund. In 1931 we devalued without anyone's consent by 25% to 30% with great advantage to our trade, home and export, and to employment.

It is true that in theory we can devalue more if the Fund consents and 'is satisfied' that it is necessary. It may be impossible to satisfy them, and if, forced by necessity, we leave the Fund, it can order all the other forty odd nations (including the Dominions and India) to cease to trade with us: to boycott us economically! This power to disrupt the British Empire is placed in the hands of a dozen financiers meeting in secret in New York, who will manage practically all the world's money and therefore control the economic and social policies of all nations.

The next great cause of the economic troubles between the wars, culminating in the great world slump of 1929–32, was the financial policy pursued by the United States.

She ended the last world war a great creditor nation (after this war the world will be yet greater in her debt) and with an immense productive manufacturing capacity (it will be made greater after this war).

As a creditor nation she could only be paid by her debtors in goods or in gold, or her debtors could keep on borrowing dollars from her to pay for her goods.

She put up a high tariff to prevent the entry of foreign goods, but she continued to export on a great scale to the rest of the world because she lent her customers money to buy goods.

Up to 1929 she had lent abroad 7,500 million dollars. Suddenly, for various reasons, she turned off the tap of foreign loans. What happened? The debtor nations all over the world, in order to avoid default, had to pay her in goods or in gold. The high tariff stopped payment in goods, so they had to scramble to obtain gold at all costs to ship to New York to avoid default. To get this gold, they had to throw their goods on the world's markets at any price, and as gold got scarcer, the prices of all goods fell. The prices of primary products—wheat, meat, wool and so on—fell by 50%, ruining the primary producers. But two-thirds of the population of the world are primary producers, and thus the purchasing power of the majority of the peoples of the world was destroyed and manufacturers in Britain and the United States could no longer find purchasers overseas for their goods.

Is there in the Bretton Woods proposal any inducement, even the slightest, for the United States not to carry out a similar policy after this war? There is not.

Note that the original proposals of Lord Keynes recognised that the onus and burden for correcting disequilibrium rested equally upon the creditor (or excessive exporting) nation as on the debtor (or excessive importing) nation. As the debtor nation was charged interest on the excessive debit balance, so also was the creditor charged the same rate of interest on his excessive credits.

But under the Bretton Woods proposals, all the burdens and penalties (and they are heavy penalties) are placed on the debtor nations (and we are today the largest debtor) while the creditor is actually, if anything, encouraged to refuse imports by the payment of interest on his accumulated credits.

There are many other objections.

It provides only utterly inadequate amounts of short-term credit facilities at prohibitive terms. Had the Fund been in existence after the last war, it would have been overdrawn from the start, and the demands after this war will be infinitely greater. It abolishes all exchange restrictions and discriminations, thereby forcing deflation upon us if we import to excess as we must for some time following the war.

It prevents us using the power of our market as a bargaining counter to make agreements with other nations, including our own Dominions, that if we buy from them, they will use the credits thus obtained to buy in return from us.

It makes as its primary purpose the free convertibility of all currencies at fixed exchanges, thereby making international trade a desperate struggle for gold convertible currencies, not a healthy, mutually advantageous exchange of goods.

It gives primacy to money, not to production and goods, and arranges the mechanism of international money exchanges before any attempt is made to plan and outline the future methods of the international exchange of goods and services.

It establishes a new type of gold standard, with currencies expressed in weights of gold and with the obligation to buy gold at fixed prices from the Fund for certain purposes.

And it appears to ensure that a depression in one major country shall extend to all.

Defenders of these proposals point out that this is the best agreement we can get and that it is necessary to accept it in default of a better. They argue, quite justly, that it is in our highest interest to co-operate in every way with the United States. I would answer them with the words I used in the House of Commons debate on 10 May 1944:

> 'I believe that in that collaboration lies a large part of the hopes of mankind. I would sacrifice much, I would sacrifice almost anything to secure that agreement. The one thing I would not sacrifice is control by the British Government of the volume of purchasing power in the hands of our people. The other thing I would not sacrifice is our freedom in external trade, especially with our own Dominions. . . . If these plans are adopted, if there are fatal essential defects in the plans which involve going back to the old methods of slumps and booms, and of periodic deflation to maintain fixed exchanges, then indeed we may abandon all hopes of building up a better social life in this country and of establishing peace among all mankind.'

5

'RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS'

WELFARE IS BAD AMONGST BUILDING WORKERS

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS. A queer phrase, invented by a bitter, disillusioned, yet compassionate Irishman, to describe men who maintain an unsteady physical balance on the border line between inglorious poverty and extreme destitution, and spiritually are irredeemable down-and-outs.

He was a Dubliner named Doonan, but he wrote his one and only book—an autobiographical novel, published posthumously in 1914—under the pseudonym of Robert Tressall. He was a house painter, and the ragged-trousered philanthropists were his fellow carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, bricklayers, painters and unskilled satellites, working on a job at Mugsborough. Their apathy, their supine disinterestedness, drove him to fury. It was not so much that they were exploited as that they were content to be exploited; that they would neither help themselves nor be helped. They wallowed in their ignominy. The disgusted Doonan decided to emigrate to America, hoping there to find a more enlightened standard of human relationships, but got no further than Liverpool, where he died of consumption.

'*They were the enemy*,' he wrote, in one of his more passionate outbursts, 'those ragged-trousered philanthropists who not only quietly submitted like so many cattle to their miserable slavery for the benefit of others, but defended it, and opposed and ridiculed any suggestion of reform.'

Again, '*They were the real oppressors*—the men who spoke of themselves as "the likes of us", who, having lived in poverty and degradation all their lives, considered that what was good enough for them was good enough for the children they had been the means of bringing into existence.'

The Mugsborough building contractor was in a relatively small way of business. It was, relatively, a small job on which Doonan's ragged-trousered philanthropists were working. They numbered only twenty-five, and twenty-one of them were 'stood off' at the end of the job—on the eve of Christmas. They paused at the corner of the road to take a last look at the job.

'There it stands!' said Harlow, tragically extending his arm towards the house. 'There it stands! A job that if they'd only have let us do it properly couldn't 'ave been done with the number of 'ands we've 'ad in less than four months! And there it is, finished, messed up, slobbered over and scamped, in nine weeks!'

'"Yes, and now we can all go to 'ell!" said Philpot gloomily.'

And this is Doonan's thumbnail sketch of the canteen—that hub of modern industrial welfare—rather more than a quarter of a century ago:

'The floor was unswept and littered with dirt, scraps of paper, bits of plaster, pieces of lead pipe and dried mud; and in the midst stood the steaming bucket of stewed tea and the collection of cracked cups, jam jars and condensed milk tins. On the upturned pails, planks and dresser drawers sat the men in their shabby ragged clothing, eating their coarse food, cracking their coarser jokes, contented so long as they had plenty of work, something to eat, someone else's cast-off clothing to wear, convinced that the good things of life were not for the likes of them, or for their children either.'

A long jump from the petty exploits of a swindling contractor in a small way of business at Mugsborough before the first Great War to the vast constructional enterprises brought into play by the second; but the point remains that, if the trousers have become slightly less ragged, this improvement has been brought about more by exterior influences than the men's own exertions.

Why is it, apart from obstacles inherent in the industry—and they are many—that the builders' men have lagged behind other industrial operatives in the pursuit of good working conditions? What have their Unions been doing? How is it that—to quote no less an authority than the General Secretary of the N.F.B.T.O.—until this war came industrial welfare was something that did not happen? It is true that at the end of the last war hopes ran high that something might happen, but it never did. Indeed, the

1830. 'A Sunday Turnout o the Trade Unions'. It was still the fashion to laugh

industry quickly sank back into apathy and with *laissez-faire* came an inevitable decline in the standard of craftsmanship.

One explanation is to be found in the looseness of the industry's formation. A numerous and diverse assembly of crafts has been saddled with an inordinate number of craft-conscious, even class-conscious, Unions. Shortly after the last war there were sixty-seven of them. At one time there were as many as seventy-two. They all started with the best intentions, but circumstances proved too much for them. When combinations of workmen were pronounced illegal, they concentrated on mutual aid and improvement, and only to a very limited extent did these experiments in uplift impinge upon, much less challenge, the rights and privileges of the employers.

In their Officers' Charges—still in use in 1845—the General Union of Carpenters and Joiners ordered the President to demand of any new member: 'Will you cultivate friendship and brotherly love to your fellow workmen and carefully abstain from intemperance and abusive language?' Drunkards, swearers and Sabbath-breakers were sternly frowned upon. And the Manchester Order of Bricklayers in 1829 was excluding from benefits any member 'found fighting'.

When Trade Unionism won back political power, it was natural that in the building industry the vital struggle for recognition, bigger wages and shorter hours should push the more intricate question of welfare into the background. Not that there were wanting occasional digressions as, for example, a certain historic dispute over beer.

The brewers, Combe, Delafield & Company, having refused to employ any Trade Unionists, the operatives of Cubitt, the builder, refused to drink any of Combe, Delafield's beer. Cubitt thereupon barring from his yard any beer but that of Combe's, there ensued a lock-out that lasted several months and finally—the *coup de grâce* being administered by a Union Secretary who absconded with £36—broke the Union. But beer had not for long continued to be the main issue of the dispute which soon moved into the higher reaches of wages and the demand for the dismissal of non-Unionists.

Although occasional localised attempts were made to amend working conditions, for the most part the men were at the mercy of their employers, who might be good or bad, and the smug complacency which was exhibited by the good ones, or on their behalf, is eloquently expressed in the first issue of the *Builder*, at the close of 1842, by the editor, Joseph Aloysius

Hansom—incidentally the inventor of the hansom cab.

'A right understanding of the relative duties of master and man, or of employer and the employed,' he declares, 'yields to no subject in importance. . . . In human policy the kindly glow excited by generous sentiments and actions will succeed where threats, force and even punishments have failed. The human heart has no such obduracies but that charity will overcome them. . . . Away with, as dross, all the ability of the engineer, architect, master builder, or workman, if the *man* be not endowed with moral excellence. What are beautiful designs, imposing structures, mechanical skill, or ingenious artifice in workmanship, without a mind and heart in harmony with the superior inspirations which virtue alone bestows?'

There are good and not-so-good employers today, as there were a hundred years ago, in the building industry as in every other industry. The most notable change, perhaps, lies in the abandonment of moral maxims. Industrial welfare not only marches with My Duty towards my Neighbour; it is also 'good business'. It makes for a contented workpeople, and contentment—or *morale*—makes for efficiency and increased output. The war effort has demonstrated that a well-run canteen, for example, promotes health and cheerfulness, thus conserving man-hours that might otherwise be lost by illness, and that valuable minutes—man hours in embryo—which appear to be lost through indulgence in luxuries such as rest pauses, or mid-shift refreshments, are more than counterbalanced by the removal of fatigue and renewal of energy.

It has been easier, however, to arrive at this conclusion in the stable factories, many of which are family concerns, where welfare is fast becoming a tradition, than on building and

What a contrast! A highly stylised picture, probably nearly as far from the truth. Trade Unionists meet in 1834 to protest against the deportation of the 'Tolpuddle Martyrs'

constructional sites, assembly ground of the ragged-trousered philanthropists. There still remains, here and there, as a hang-over from the days of the rough 'navigators' who built our railroads, often debauching the countryside as they went, the same negative approach to a betterment of working conditions that Florence Nightingale encountered in the Crimea. 'Officers were amazed to see her treating their men as if they were human beings,' says Lytton Strachey, 'and assured her that she would only end by "spoiling the brutes".'

Moreover, many of the conditions peculiar to an important constructional operation by their very nature offer a temptation to the indifferent or callous contractor to evade responsibilities for the care of his men. The transitory nature of a building job alone invites, where good intent is lacking, a makeshift approach to welfare provisions, for if the contractor, or his agent, cares to play ca' canny skilfully enough, the job may be completed and the workers dispersed before any but the most meagre promises have been fully honoured—unless official vigilance intervenes.

In any event, and however anxious the employer may be to discharge his obligations, a constructional site offers infinitely more complicated obstacles than a factory does to the organisation of satisfactory welfare conditions. Not only is employment limited by the period of contract, which may be merely the matter of a few months; even during that period it is fluid. Work (and with it the number of men employed) starts from zero; rises to a climax; sinks again to zero. Small wonder that welfare should have been overlooked, when not deliberately disregarded. Indeed, it appears to have required a world war and the vast programme of national works connected with it, many of which have plunged thousands of townsmen into the unfamiliar depths of the country—where it has been necessary to erect small towns in which to house them—to bring delayed action to a head.

The recently-acquired charter of these industrial orphans is a Factory Form, issued by the Ministry of Labour and National Service. It is numbered 1892 and comprises a Memorandum 'in connection with Building Operations and Works of Engineering Construction (Welfare and Safety Provision) Order, 1941'.

'Rapid and satisfactory progress with various constructional operations of national importance has been impeded,' it begins, 'by insufficient attention to the provision of amenities for workmen on the site. Where work is required under uncomfortable conditions away from the amenities normally available in a town, and relatively little is done to ameliorate them, health is likely to be affected and discontent is liable to arise, with the result that the work is less efficiently and quickly done. Conditions have in a number of cases been substantially improved; but experience shows that, if they are bad at the outset of the job, there are considerable difficulties in preventing men from leaving it and also in securing additional labour. It is important, therefore, that the welfare of the men should not be treated as a secondary consideration and that contractors should see that the necessary welfare provision on the site is as far as possible made in advance and not after the men have found a lack of it.'

The Memorandum proceeds to set out, 'for the guidance of contractors and their staffs', a list of 'matters which should receive definite consideration', ranging from sleeping accommodation and ablutions to canteens, from recreation ('facilities for recreation, including wireless, are an important element in making camp life attractive and decent') to sick bays, from protective clothing to latrines: in fact, the minimum standards of welfare—'an indication of the least which should receive consideration by contractors and their welfare officers.'

Of itself, Form 1892 has no legal application. It ceases to be a 'scrap of paper' because every contract given out by the Ministry of Works is conditional on compliance with its recommendations. Nor is there much fear lest the minimum become the maximum. The Ministry is out to make building contractors welfare-minded. In addition to having created its own Welfare Department at headquarters, it has planted regional inspectors in all parts of the country. Each site of any size has, too, its own Welfare Officer, appointed by the contractor. Perhaps most significant, in its democratic implications, is the election by the workmen themselves of representative committees. As for the official attitude, it is one of persuasion, backed only in the last resort by compulsion. But a welfare-minded contractor, or a decent sort of deputy on the site, has little to fear from inquisitorious visitations.

It is true that, in their obligatory form, these official minima of welfare amenities are limited to government contracts, but that the progress towards reform should stop there is sutely highly improbable. The war has done a lot to educate both employers and operatives in the use of such materials for post-war reconstruction, and it would be strange indeed were they to be scrapped. Who better entitled to take a share in this rebuilding job than the builders?

THE FACTORY MANAGER LEARNS THE FACTS OF LIFE!

EXPERIENCES AMONGST WOMEN IN U.S.A.

A. G. MEZERIK

I

THE mass-production industries never liked the idea of employing women. In peacetime, with plenty of men available, the factory manager would not have dreamed of placing women on the assembly line. He had no special objection to using them in offices but, apart from that, it seemed to him that they ought to stay home and take care of the men and the children. The war has changed that.

The plant manager has had to learn nearly all the facts of life directly from the women. And he is still learning the hard way, which seems to be the American way—every manager for himself, and with almost no research into how his current problems were met during the last war, or how other companies are solving them in this one.

The first question he had to face was 'Can a woman do a man's work?' At first the manager tended to assume that all women are weak, and can do only light work. But as the shortage of male workers intensified he was forced, willy-nilly, to let women try other jobs—with surprising results. In steel, heaviest of all industries, women work at the open hearth and alongside the blast furnaces, tear down and rebuild steel furnaces, and work as labourers in many other jobs. In the Bethlehem plant they swing eight-pound bricks to waiting bricklayers—this in spite of the fact that women are supposed to be unable to lift.

Experience is proving to the plant manager that a woman can do almost all of the jobs he thought were exclusively masculine. But he does run into limitations on heavy lifting and continuous muscular strains, and here he begins to utilise his experience and turn to the making of job classifications so that he can fit the job to the worker, instead of the worker to the job. The fact that, pound for pound of body weight, a woman can lift only a little more than half as much as a man is cancelled if the woman is given a mechanical hoist to lift the work up to her. Once the work is in place she will do the job as well as a man—better if it is routine, monotonous, repetitive, painstaking, and intricate, as most mass-production jobs are.

But the mere fitting of work to women does not solve the manager's problem. The differences between men and women are not only physical; they are psychological and social as well. The plant manager first caught on to that when he dealt summarily with women about their defective work, or about their dress. He was met with tears, and he did not understand them any better than he does his wife's or his daughter's. The barrage of tears was so effective that, in desperation, the manager began to employ women as counsellors. Most of these women had little to go on except tact and a college education. But they knew that a woman will cry under most of the stresses which cause her male fellow worker to curse—a piece of work that won't shape up right, or a foreman's ridicule. Starting with these counsellors, a whole new classification of administration has sprung into being. Women are now installed as personnel executives, and under them there are counsellors who roam the plant floors, straightening out snarls before they cause tears, acting as the working woman's agent in getting household help, housing, and child care for her, and even filling the rôle of adviser on pregnancy and marriage problems. The plant manager made a ten-strike when he stumbled into hiring women counsellors, for more than any other factor they ease the way for him. But there are, as yet, too few of them to affect the situation profoundly. The problems are still with the manager.

II

When the factory manager hires a man, he does not think about what the man wears, but when he began to hire women it was different. Instantaneously he became aware of jewellery: rings, bracelets, and the like. What he had formerly considered merely an adornment now became a dangerous hazard. A ring near a spindle, or other moving machinery, might mean a lost hand. Accidents were so alarmingly frequent that the ban on jewellery had to be made absolute. It then became apparent that devout Catholic girls would not easily be parted from wedding rings, and the manager had to invoke the

co-operation of the priests—who promised the girls that when the war was over they would again bless the rings, whose sanctity meanwhile would not be impaired.

Readers of glamour stories in newspapers and magazines about beautifully dressed women at work may think that slacks, overalls, and caps are simply the result of a new fashion craze inspired by wartime work—a craze like that for Egyptian designs after Tutankhamen's tomb was discovered. Managers know better; and they are sadder and wiser for the knowledge. For instance, a manufacturer of watches who employs women to make precision instruments for the air forces is trying to outfit these women with slacks which are completely lintless. Dresses will not do, since skirts may be caught in the de-duster machinery in use throughout the plant. Forty manufacturers are working on the problem, but none has yet solved it. Or take the aircraft manufacturer who tried to get proper clothing which would be 'safe, sturdy, and reasonable'. The manufacturers of women's clothing offered glamour and beauty, but did not seem to have heard of functional requirements. Manufacturers of men's clothing didn't know anything about sizing for women.

A shipbuilder—a newcomer to the ranks of employers of women—has found that the hardest job is to get work clothes which *fit* and are made of the right material. Welders and burners, best advertised of women shipyard workers, wear leather pants; and it seems next to impossible to get a pair which leaves room for the hips, and yet is not too big round the waist. This gave rise to an incident, far from harmless, which entertained newspaper men not long ago. A welder was working clad in ill-fitting leathers which she held up by a belt. Every fifteen minutes or so she had to put down her welding arc and pull up her pants. Finally the belt gave way under one last jerk, the pants fell down, the woman dropped her iron in an effort to grab up her pants and received a nasty leg burn together with a lot of embarrassing snickers. Fabric and fit, the shipyard has discovered, are important. Will wind-resisting fabrics be practical during the summer months? Will they be too hot? Will sizes that permit the worker to wear sweaters and woollen underwear underneath the work garments in winter be baggy and sloppy in summer?

But slacks and coveralls are not the manager's only problems. For instance, up to now I do not know of a single manufacturer of women's gloves who has gone into the manufacture of women's work gloves. Yet at many plants steel-reinforced gloves are essential for routers, press operators, and stock chasers. The manager who is trying to persuade the women's glove manufacturers to make what he needs must in the meantime supply his women workers with small-size men's gloves. Shoes also offer a special difficulty. A man's ordinary shoes are fairly heavy and, where there are no special hazards, offer sufficient protection against a dropping tool or a stubbed toe; but women's flimsy 'slippers', and especially their open-toed shoes, are invitations to accidents. A suitable woman's work shoe is hard to find.

And then there is the problem of hats or head covering. In the first place many workers need caps with bills and visors long enough to warn them when they get their heads too close to moving machines. Furthermore, even a single wisp of long hair, if left uncovered, may catch in a rapidly moving machine spindle, and if it does, the entire head of hair may be yanked in too. But a hat which covers the entire head is uncomfortable and hot, and women prefer to wear nets. The nets in general use, however, are of so large a mesh that hair can be pulled out through the holes by the static electricity which machines create; and mesh offers no protection from dust and dirt. There is the problem: fully enclosed hats are too hot, so some concession to the mesh must be made—but how much?

The manager by trial and error—mostly error—has reduced his needs to a set of requirements which he works out with a garment manufacturer. He knows now about function and fit—he wants a garment which gives the woman free movement and play for the type of work she is doing. If she bends much, a coverall may be unsatisfactory since it may pull in the crotch. If she is to work outside in winter, the garments must be roomy enough to allow for sweaters and heavy underwear. If she is to do light work in an air-conditioned space, turbans and smocks or aprons may be suitable.

He thinks first of all in terms of safety. But he soon learns that the most important thing is that the garment should be functional. For if it is ill-adapted to the job, it will be a source of danger anyhow. If a garment has large lapels or a belt has loose ends, obviously it is not right for work at machinery. Flaring skirts are out for the same reason. If a woman is working with machinery in which buttons may get caught she will need a fly front or slipover. Short sleeves may offer less danger than long ones, and trousers without 'cuffs' may help too. If she is going to work with flammable materials, her garments must be flameproofed. Pockets should not bulge, and may well be chainstitched, so that if an end does

Girl inspectors check 'greenhouse' at Willow Run, U.S.A. Nineteen-year-old girl on right wears neat trousered uniform, bearing device 'Ford'

catch, the pocket will come off without dragging the wearer with it.

These new costumes must be launderable. They cannot, as yet, be made of synthetic fabrics, for most of them will not give long enough service where dirt and grease are heavy. They must fit, which means probably a two-piece garment, for, as sizes run now, a one-piece garment may not do so. As older and larger women come into industry—and that's the trend—two-piece slacks will probably be more popular than ever—for reasons all too obvious.

But after he has made all these decisions, many a factory manager has found that women would have nothing to do with the completed design. They called it unattractive, or rebelled against the monotony of wearing the same thing every day. Or it was brought home to the manager that he had a union contract which committed him to provide equal pay and working conditions for men and women. Must he enforce the wearing of special clothes by women when he made no such regulation for men? Some plants have already solved this awkward problem to their own satisfaction and, in doing it, have won wide approval of the women employees. Allis Chalmers has prepared a booklet as dashing as a copy of *Vogue*. In it the management has pictured the clothes it recommends, and outlined the jobs at which such garments are to be worn. Incidentally, the booklet adds safety tips, diet hints, and even pictures of exercises which will keep the Allis Chalmers girls' lines and curves streamlined. Sperry Gyroscope and Boeing have

done such a thorough job of design and persuasion that their women like the way they look, and are buying the recommended costumes to save wear and tear on their more expensive clothes.

Yet here and there women stand up to rebel—and often with reason. The managers at the Ford plant, historically slow to remember that workers are human beings, learned about slacks. If slacks are good for workers at machines, they decided then they are good for everybody, including the office staff. The office girls promptly struck—though as strikes are outlawed in wartime they put up only a token resistance. 'I never heard of any stenographer getting her skirt caught in the gear of her typewriter' is the way one of their leaders put it. The managers learned another lesson in their education in the facts of life.

Men workers took a little thing like goggles in their stride—wore them because they protected the eyes and let it go at that. It wasn't so simple with women. Goggles are heavy. They get dirty. Greasy hands cannot clean them. And some of the younger women seem to take seriously that quip about men not making passes at girls who wear glasses. Yet the manager knows that a steel chip in the eye means that the company will have to pay compensation, or at any rate the worker will have to take time out in the plant hospital. So Sperry and other plants, using good advertising technique, installed a little white wagon, operated by a girl attendant, which makes the rounds all day, fitting goggles and cleaning dirty lenses. It was a woman who thought of that. Wherever the cart is used, it is saving many a valuable eye.

III

Fresh skins and lovely faces have always pleased men, and the plant manager is no exception. He got a shock—and not just an æsthetic one—when the first reports came in from the plant hospital. He found that women's faces and hands, and their bodies too, were easy prey to skin disease. Dermatitis was incorporated into the industrial vocabularly. What caused it? Many industrial poisons have a much more serious effect on women than they have on men. Lead and ingredients containing lead, TNT, dinotro-benzene, sulphuric ether, mercury, arsenic, oil—the list of things that may cause trouble is long. In some plants precision parts preclude the wearing of rubber gloves during the cleaning operation. The plant manager does not want to have to cure dermatitis: he wants to prevent it and forget it. And so he has been forced to turn to the specialists in cosmetics. Now he gives protective creams to the woman worker, and urges her to use them freely.

And where she uses them is important. The pre-war type of factory washroom with open closets, wash troughs, and tiny lockers was rejected from the very day women went to work. They just wouldn't stand for a place like that. What they needed and are getting from an unwilling manager, helpless in the face of a labour shortage, is a washroom in which the closets are fully enclosed and private, and there are individual wash bowls with mirrors above them. Women want a lounge where they can relax, and they need spacious lockers, since most of them make a complete change of clothing for street wear. To the manager all this seems an unheard-of luxury, particularly if he must provide a matron too. But he has to do it—and the matron has turned out to be an economy, once her presence has reduced the number of voluntary visits to the washroom as well as the loitering.

Having given the women workers what were, to his mind, lavish washrooms, the manager felt he had about reached the end of that problem, but he found he must also add a dispensing machine. For he is faced with the major necessity of providing for menstruation and the difficulties that attend it.

To many companies, of course, this is an old problem. The telephone companies and life-insurance companies have devoted years of study to it. But most plant managers didn't ask them what their experience had been. It seemed as if the nice new lounge and the dispensing machine ought to suffice. That would have been fine, but many women didn't see it that way. While a majority of women go right along about their work without any apparent change at such a time, a minority, large enough to disrupt plant operation, cannot. Some women suffer incapacitating pain, and even those who merely experience mild distress must have aid. If the factory is to avoid losing their services, it must provide compresses, sedatives, cots, and time to use them. For more serious cases it must rearrange work schedules.

Managers who have learned that they must do something about this problem are offering physical-culture classes, teaching women remedial exercises, and giving them instruction in diet. Some plants teach their employees how to carry themselves to correct relaxed abdominal walls and exaggerated lumbar curvatures. One large plant, doing a good job of instruction, decreased time lost from menstrual difficulties by fifty per cent—which shows you why plants do it.

IV

Because the manager has not been quick at understanding women, he thought at first that all the women in the plant who showed signs of real exhaustion were menstruating—that is, if they seemed otherwise physically capable of doing the work. It dawned on him after a while that fatigue has many other causes for which he would have to find the remedies.

The cause may not be in the plant at all. The commonest of all reasons is housework. A man coming home from his job relaxes, puts on his slippers, and turns on the radio. Married women with hungry children waiting and with a house to tidy up are not so lucky, and they show it in their work. It is often difficult to find anybody to help the worker housewife, especially if the plant draws its workers, as many do, from a wide area—with a radius of as much as fifty miles where the population is diffused. The most tired healthy women are those faced with problems of domestic and child care and housing problems. These seem insurmountable to the woman worker. She feels she must take time off, and she may even give up her job when the weight of any of them becomes too heavy.

It is precisely in this field that the counsellor has proved most valuable. Though she is likely to have been chosen simply for her sympathetic attitude, she is more likely than not to be a mother herself. The workers, in desperation, take their childcare problems to her. 'My aunt is going back home, and if I can't find someone to stay with the children I'll have to quit' is a typical complaint. In some plants nurseries were established to meet this problem. But since they aggravated the transportation problem, and took the child out of his or her community, they didn't work too well. Today the counsellor is proceeding through community agencies, locating women who can stay with the children, or foster parents, and urging established nurseries to expand and stay open from seven to seven instead of the conventional time, from eight to five.

Each counsellor spends a great part of her time at the telephone running down leads not only on child care but on housing and domestic help. She is in touch with every real-estate agency in all the communities from which employees are drawn, and is constantly asking them for help. She turns to government agencies, too, to solve the employment problem for domestic help. The new reliance on the part of the plant, not only on these community services but on health and medical agencies too, may have far-reaching post-war implications. American factories notoriously have been isolated from their communities. If an inter-dependent relationship is built up, our social agencies may be able to move forward at a much faster tempo than ever before. The hitch is, of course, that the factory manager is operating entirely under economic compulsion and, when that has abated, may again wash his hands of the whole responsibility.

The community agencies are responding in varying degrees to the calls from the factory. Colorado and New York both report an interesting approach to the solution of the war worker's home problem. In these States, family and child-welfare services recruit middle-aged women, unable to compete for war jobs, into a home-maker service. These women all take Red Cross and CDVO courses in home nursing. They participate in group meetings which keep them up to date on wartime planning of meals, point rationing, and the use of substitute foods for adequate nutrition. These women do not undertake regular domestic services. They are known as homemakers, and act as emergency 'trouble shooters'. The home-maker will take over if the father, or the person who usually looks after the children, is taken ill, thus enabling the mother to go on with her job.

V

These drains on the woman worker from outside the plant can be met only in small part, but inside the plant the alert manager has found much he can do to keep the worker in condition. *For one thing, he can feed her well.* Before the war few, if any, plants gave much thought to feeding their employees. The male worker brought his lunch, or brought a sandwich outside the plant gates or—in a few well-run plants—ate a box lunch purchased from a wagon which came to his bench. Only a few plants had cafeterias, and even these were run by concessionaires primarily for profit, and not to meet the workers' nutritional needs. Now the plant manager is beginning to wake up to the fact that a hot balanced meal is *essential* to keep up production. For some workers have not enough to eat at home, what with shopping difficulties and the limitations of ration points. Sperry has a modern cafeteria, seating fifteen hundred people, with five lines operating simultaneously. Counters are divided so that workers can get quick service whether they want sandwiches, cold foods, or hot foods. A company dietitian controls the menus, though the cafeterias are operated by concessionnaires who still have much to learn about the preparation of food. Snack bars operate all day to permit

the worker to buy a chocolate bar or a 'coke' when tired. At Boeing a white tractor pulls a train of cafeteria trailers, each a self-contained unit. These stop every two hundred and fifty feet along the half-mile long aisles. Government agencies, including State Health Departments, the U. S. Public Health Service, and the National Restaurant Council, help plan such installations.

In his search for panaceas for keeping the vitality of the workers high, the factory manager has also succumbed to vitamin-pill advertising. At first, many plants gave away these short cuts to blooming health; only a few still do this now that the American Medical Association and government agencies have decried their efficiency except in special instances prescribed by physicians. But one Ohio plant is feeding several thousand workers Vitamin A rations to improve their sight, and protect them from eye fatigue. In a great many other plants the demand for vitamin tablets is so great that the plant hospital sells them.

But the innovation which seems most useful of all in increasing productivity is *the rest period.* Rest periods are recesses lasting twelve to fifteen minutes, one of them breaking the first half of the day, another breaking the second half. The public-address system, now a fixture in these plants, pipes soft music to the workers while they are at the bench, but it brings no more welcome sound than the buzz with the announcement 'Rest period for Departments G and E'. This break in the day's work seemed outrageous to old-line managers, but comparative figures of production have shown that it more than pays for itself. The woman worker especially enjoys the rest period as a time of social relaxation, many times more exhilarating than any break in her lonely household duties at home.

But she works on a concrete floor and the sole of her shoes is thin. The weight of her body rests directly on the concrete, since the ordinary shoes provide little support. This continuous standing is particularly bad for women, since it aggravates their temporary disabilities, and increases a natural susceptibility to variscose veins. The telephone companies long ago learned to have their workers sit down, devising for their operators a chair—adjustable in height—with a flexible cane seat, a circular footrest, and a rigid semi-curved back. Industrial plants have copied this successful experience, devising special 'sit-stand seats'. Installed in a metal-polishing unit of a large plant, these seats increased production by 32 per cent. And it has been found that if a woman can alternate between sitting and standing, her muscular ability will be increased by from 6 to 15 per cent.

This is an especially valuable practice in the light of the fact that a woman has one and one-half million fewer red corpuscles per cubic millimeter than a man. Since the red corpuscles carry oxygen, *women recuperate from muscular fatigue much more slowly than men.*

Just as fatigue decreases production, it will increase accidents—startlingly. When women are fresh they have as few accidents as men. When England worked women long hours without rest periods, their accident rate in the latter hours of the day skyrocketed to 173 per cent more than that of men. In some kinds of work in the United States an accident rate for women of 45 per cent more than for men is attributable to fatigue which sets in about the seventh hour. Night work and split shifts ordinarily increase fatigue. Therefore the plant manager tries to employ as few women as possible on these shifts.

VI

The plant manager's knowledge of women is not complete until he has learned about two cardinal facts of life—pregnancy and abortion. He has to be prepared for both. In every large factory pregnancy and abortion are constant topics of discussion among workers, and also among members of the management. The workers talk about pregnancy, and how to avoid it, for the obvious reason that women like and need the money they earn, do not want to have to leave or be fired because they are pregnant—and in most cases will be fired. The management talks about the subject because nearly every large plant is staggered by the problem of pregnancy, and only a few have worked out any policy to cope with it.

Of 73 plants employing 273,000 people observed by Dr. Charlotte Silverman of the Children's Bureau, 64 did something about pregnancy—but what they did was not very enlightened. Thirty-two discharged the employees as soon as they heard they were pregnant, or within the next three months. Three plants discharged pregnant women on their physician's advice. Only one gave leaves of absence. Of the 73, only 26 could furnish any record of the extent of pregnancy in the plant. How big the problem is, can be gauged from a dependable estimate that each month as many as five out of every 1,000 women in the war industries became pregnant.

There are three chief reasons why plant managers have been backward in tackling the problem of doing something about pregnancy. First and foremost is fear of the corporate risk

'Functional' headgear. Arc welder's helmet; and goggles for acetylene torch work. Will these inspire fashions? It is not impossible

involved. Compensation responsibility for sickness and mishaps growing out of pregnancy has not been defined. This fact worries the hard-boiled executive, though only one case has so far been discovered in which an insurance action has been based on a miscarriage in the plant. Involved here, too, are conflicting State laws on the employment of pregnant women.

The second reason has to do with the antidote for pregnancy—abortion. Women who are pregnant, and do not want to be, do not often confide in the management, nor even in counsellors to whom they run with less personal problems. If they do, the counsellor usually doesn't dare offer general birth-control information for fear of antagonising both employees and the Catholic Church.

The third reason is that, if a pregnant woman is shifted from a job for which she has been carefully trained to a job which involves neither lifting nor contact with chemicals which might prove dangerous, this leaves a vacancy where she was—and no manager likes that.

Plant managers who hope that this pregnancy problem is not here to stay—especially in their plants—sometimes go to amusing lengths to justify discharging the women. Foremen may be instructed that, since women receive equal pay for equal work, men should not do lifting for pregnant women. And one plant manager fired women with the chivalrous explanation that though we are at war 'this country does not need to employ the services of women who are pregnant.'

But not all plants are ignoring the issue. The truth is that the manager is finding it won't stay ignored. A few plants are publicly removing the ban on pregnant women, and in its stead are offering leaves of absence, to take effect after five months, and to last until the child is two months old. Naturally, however, women suspect that if they go to the plant doctor for leave they may get fired, so even where this rule has been instituted, the results are not yet satisfactory. They probably will not be until more confidence has been built up, perhaps with Union co-operation.

Meanwhile, where the management has decided to face the problem,counsellors are providing pre-natal information to the mothers. They are using booklets provided by insurance companies, and are sending the women to classes approved by local health and medical authorities. One of the beneficial by-products of this open

recognition of pregnancy seems to be a renaissance of chivalry on the part of male workers. In nearly every case pregnant women are relieved by adjacent men workers of all the heavy work. Some plants encourage 'showers' and parties for the expectant mother, and the sending of little gifts after the child is born.

Perhaps the problem would be solved more easily if every pregnant woman wanted her baby, but more don't than do. Unmarried women obviously don't, and many a married woman wants to continue at work without the burden of another child. Their way out of their predicament is dangerous and sometimes foolish. In one industry medical certificates for insurance revealed twenty-two and one-half abortions to each thousand workers applying for benefit, and this figure probably reveals only a small part of the total. Some women rely on home methods—hot baths, charms, and concoctions as evil-tasting as they are dangerous. Some deliberately strain themselves by lifting heavy objects while on the job, to the disgust of neighbouring workers. More go to abortionists. The result is that abortion rings are doing a land-office business—less dangerously than of old now that the sulfa drugs have lowered the death rate. And in Rochester, New York, a group of doctors set up a private hospital and performed abortions legally, therapeutically, and effectively, giving in each case their reasons: death might have resulted from a kidney, heart, or other physical deficiency if the abortion had not been performed.

A somewhat similar method is used by the counsellors in one plant. When they are talked to about an impending abortion, they say candidly that they cannot recommend an abortionist but they do suggest a psychiatrist. In one case the psychiatrist was so convinced that a healthy, normal, unmarried woman could successfully rear a child that he advised her to have her baby; she did and, according to reports, is happy. More often he finds that serious mental upsets may attend the birth of a child to an unmarried mother. For these he recommends an abortion and arranges for it under proper medical procedure.

You can judge the magnitude of this problem when you read this recommendation of the United States Public Health Service: 'Counsellors should refer married women workers with special problems to the medical service or a private physician for advice on the proper spacing of children as a means of protecting the health of the mother and the child.' Counsellors cannot, and do not want to, exclude unmarried women from the benefits of child spacing, which is the accepted term for birth control. Actually the counsellor, like the plant manager, has quickly come to the realisation that sound birth-control information is the answer to most of the problems of abortion, and a good share of those of pregnancy.

The need for this information has finally brought the former Birth Control League into a position of prominence. Now called the Planned Parenthood Federation, it serves an increasingly important rôle in industry. The only direct service that the National Office of the Federation offers to plants is the preparation and supply of booklets and information which give pregnant women suggestions about their health and incidentally provide help to them or their sisters in the plant on how to get guidance about birth control. Counsellors usually start by talking over the whole problem with a solid type of mother in each department. She spreads the word, and the results seem to have been beneficial as far as they have gone.

But they have not gone far for fear of objections from the Catholic Church. The Church has not yet been heard from on any wide scale, but that may be simply because the issue has not yet come into focus. In Detroit, where Dr. Eva Dodge, consultant to the Alabama State Health Department and on the staff of the Planned Parenthood Federation, did some work, the Church did hear about it. Promptly the newspapers reported that a leader of the Church had said he had been waiting for some group to propose birth control as the real key to victory in the war, and that in an attack upon birth control and its advocates as immoral, he had labelled the sedate Dr. Dodge as a *'moral degenerate'*.

Obviously the Detroit outburst is only a skirmish in what may be a rousing battle. The situation is different, however, from that involved in the usual legislative wars over the sale of contraceptives or the legalising of public information about birth control. In recent years the Church has again demonstrated its ability, in both Connecticut and Massachusetts, to forestall the passage of liberalising bills; but the economic welfare of both Catholic plant owners and Catholic workers is now directly involved in the factory employment of women, and it may be that the Church will not choose to make a major issue of the fight.

As you may have guessed, the plant manager never dreamed that he might find himself in conflict with the Church. But no more did he dream that he would have to face enforced employment of women. He has been learning the facts of life fast.

THE REVOLUTION IN WARFARE
(I) INSTRUMENTS

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

How strange appears today the state of optimism about human progress which prevailed in the last century! It reached its zenith when the Great Exhibition of 1851 opened in the Crystal Palace, and was hailed as the inauguration of a Golden Age—of ever-widening peaceful prosperity assured by scientific and technical progress. That dream has changed into a nightmare. The causes and the consequences might both be summed up in the old saying: 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'

Science and technology have produced a greater transformation of the physical conditions and apparatus of life in the past hundred years than had taken place in the previous two thousand years. Yet, when men turn these tremendous new powers to a war purpose, they employ them as recklessly as their ancestors employed the primitive means of the past, and pursue the same traditional ends without regard to the difference of effect. Indeed, the governments of modern nations at war have largely ceased to think of the post-war effects which earlier statesmen were wise enough to bear in mind—a consideration which led in the eighteenth century to a self-imposed limitation of methods. Modern nations have reverted to a more primitive extreme—akin to the practices of warfare between barbaric hordes that were armed with spear and sword—at the same time as they have become possessed of science-giving instruments for multiple destruction at long-range.

The revolution in warfare has thus been two-sided: on the one side, in the instruments of warfare; on the other side, in the character of warfare.

* * *

On the instrument side, the great change has been the development of mechanical power, to the increasing domination of manpower. The significance of the change has been partially obscured by the parallel development in the size of forces that was fostered by the twin ideas of the 'nation-in-arms' and of 'absolute' (i.e. unlimited) warfare. These merged to form the current conception of 'total warfare', accompanied by an increasingly intensive use of conscription. The result is that a growing recognition of qualitative factors has been offset by the growth of quantitative demands.

These have hitherto nullified predictions as to displacement of manpower by mechanical power and the abandonment of mass armies in favour of small forces composed of expert military technicians. While mechanical appliances have replaced men in many particular functions, or reduced the numbers needed, the surplus has merely been diverted to other functions—some of which have been newly created by the mechanical trend of warfare. It is true that there has been a great diminution in the proportion of men actually employed in a fighting function, but this has been caused by the great increase in the proportion required to assist and maintain each fighting man. In these circumstances the issue of a prolonged war may still be decided by exhaustion of manpower.

Nevertheless, such a fact should not obscure the deeper lesson that, in modern warfare, there has been a great depreciation in the value of manpower compared with mechanical power. A nation that is deficient in mechanical equipment is not likely to have a chance of prolonging the war if exposed to attack by a well-equipped nation.

After the last war, the victorious armies remained content to perpetuate the methods of 1918, modified by an inclination to swing back to the methods and outlook of 1914. But a few of the younger soldiers in the British Army—which had rather unhesitatingly taken the lead in developing the tank—became the prophets of a new era of mechanised warfare in which high-speed tanks or, as some argued, the combination of tanks and bombing aircraft, would open the gates of the future. At the same time the leaders of another wartime innovation, the Royal Air Force, propounded the view that the bomber would be the decisive factor in any future war, and would suffice in itself to produce a decision—by destroying the industrial reserves of the opposing power. That view came to be associated with the writings of the Italian General, Douhet, but had actually been a primary article in the R.A.F. creed before Douhet's theory had gained currency.

The tank-cum-air theory received more attention in defeated Germany than it did among the victorious powers, while another quarter highly receptive to the new idea was the new Soviet Union which had emerged from the Russian Revolution.

When the next great war erupted, the tank-cum-air theory was put into practice by Nazi Germany. It achieved a speedy triumph over Poland in 1939, and a greater one over the Western Allies in 1940.

These dramatic results naturally created a widespread impression that attack had become intrinsically superior to defence. Popular opinion, including even military opinion, was so startled that it took little account of the fact that Germany had developed an overwhelming superiority in tanks and bombers during the years immediately preceding the outbreak, or of the fact that the opposing armies had neglected even to provide themselves with the lighter types of equipment needed to check these offensive instruments. Several years of fighting passed before hard experience corrected such impressions, and opinion regained its balance. Even today, such fallacious conclusions have not been completely dissipated in unthinking minds.

The first corrective came with the German invasion of Russia in 1941. Here the Germans once again enjoyed a big superiority in tanks and aircraft which, though not so marked as in the 1940 invasion of France, was enhanced by the wider space available for manœuvre. It would seem also to have been helped by the Red Army's then belief in a theory of ultra-offensive action that was out of proportion to its equipment and skill—with the result that a large percentage of its active formations were trapped and annihilated at an early stage of the campaign. Yet, despite the way that the Red Army's chances of successful resistance were thus imperilled, the Germans were checked when they converged on obvious objectives, such as Leningrad, Moscow, and Rostov, where the Russians could put up a concentrated defence.

In the summer of 1942, the Germans profited at the outset by awaiting and repelling the Red Army's offensive towards Kharkov. Then, repeating their own earlier offensive method, though on a now limited front, they were able to out-manœuvre the Russians and hustle them back to the Volga. But when the German offensive forfeited its flexibility of manœuvre by converging on such an obvious objective as Stalingrad, defence again prevailed. The offensive was not only baffled, but carried its own disastrous recoil —as in the last war. Waiting until the Germans' offensive effort was exhausted, the Russians retorted with a counter-offensive that, beyond its immediate effect of regaining much of the lost ground, definitely turned the tide of the war.

In the summer of 1943 the Russians profited by waiting for a German offensive, which was eventually delivered in July, against the Kursk salient. Breaking the force of this stroke, after a week of tough fighting, the Russians launched their own offensive, as a counter-offensive aimed at the exposed flanks. The stroke cut deep, having the extra force of a coiled spring, and when the Russians impetus diminished on one sector, they regained impetus by extending the offensive to other sectors.

By this time the balance of force had likewise turned in favour of the side that has originally been on the defence, and it swung increasingly in their favour—helped not only by the later-growing strength of the Allied nations, and by the drain of Germany's losses upon her more limited total capacity, but also by the way her forces had been stretched to occupy and hold down the countries she had conquered in her earlier offensive spasm. The effect of that passive dispersion was now accentuated by the active distraction caused by the landing of the Anglo-American armies in Sicily, and the Italians' prompt collapse. To repair the breach in the southern face of what the Germans called the 'Fortress of Europe', and to meet the impending threat of a stronger invasion in the West, the Germans had to divert reserves that they urgently needed in Russia.

There, the Red Army's offensive went on without any serious check—either to its advance, or from the ripostes which the Germans occasionally made. While there were intermittent pauses, these were due not only to the Russians' need of repairing communications prior to a fresh thrust, but often to a deliberate policy of checking their own stride with a view to repelling the anticipated German counter-thrust and then following up the attackers' recoil, before they had recovered their balance.

Their successful resistance to the German invasion, and their own frustration in earlier offensives, had shown them that, even under such conditions, tactical defence was much more powerful than orthodox pre-war theory had assumed. They applied this lesson when their growing superiority of strength made it possible for them to wrest the initiative from the enemy and embark on a sustained offensive strategy. With a shrewd economy of force, and a keen sense of security, they converted the value of tactical defence into an offensive asset—using it as

DARIUS, *King of Persia, flees from Alexander the Great. The Persians were numerous, but indulged in individual combat. Alexander triumphed with the phalanx, a kind of 'infantry tank'*

a manœuvrable shield in their penetrating advances.

The power of defence has been increased because the firepower checks in front of an advancing force have been multiplied by supply and transport brakes behind it. The striking head may be able to by-pass obstacles—such as defended towns where roads converge—but it cannot push on far if its tail is tied to the road, and has to wait until the obstacles can be removed. A force thus constituted may find its manœuvring power almost as restricted as that of a snake wriggling down a drainpipe.

This handicap has much reduced the potentialities of modern mobile forces. For what are called 'armoured divisions' have only a small spearhead of tanks, supported by a much larger proportion of motorised infantry, artillery, engineers and maintenance troops.

Thus the basic problem of mobility is to give a force as a whole the power of movement off the road—equal to that which its striking head possesses. This problem may be solved by the use of tracked vehicles for transport, or wheeled vehicles of such improved design that they can cross rough or swampy ground. Another aid to the solution is the development of air transport, both for supply and for troop-carrying purposes. The Red Army has gone further than most in exploiting the possibilities of cross-country mobility, and its technical progress in this respect has been reflected in its strategic progress.

At the same time the Red Army's increasing success owes much to the space conditions on the Russian front. In the last war it became a rule of experience that an average of one division for every two miles of front was required to form a secure defence. The increase and improvement in automatic firearms enable a division to hold a somewhat longer front with reasonable security. But in Russia forces have been stretched out of all proportion to past standards. Even when the concentration of force there was at its maximum, divisions had to cover an average of about ten miles apiece. As the German strength shrunk, under the combined effect of wastage and distraction elsewhere, the stretch became greater.

A grasp of that fact is essential to an understanding of events. It corrects the popular impression that the scales of modern warfare have been abruptly tilted by turns on the side of attack or defence, and that one or other has been definitely in the ascendant at successive periods.

Analysis shows that, apart from the balance of material force, the prospects of success mainly depend upon the ratio between force and space—between the size of the forces available and the extent of the space that the defender has to cover. Where the density of force is low, the defender

is handicapped, disproportionately to his actual strength; where it is high, the attacker is similarly handicapped—though in either case rapidity of movement can diminish the handicap. To carry the calculation further: where the ratio of force to space is high enough to provide a continuous defensive front, with a properly woven network of fire and mobile reserves, the attacking side requires about a three to one superiority—measured in weapon-power—to achieve more than a local and momentary effect. That conclusion was drawn from the experience of the last war; although disputed in many quarters during the peace interval and the early stages of the present war, it has come to be recognised authoritatively as experience has extended. Indeed, the verdict of Russian authorities is that 'the defence of continuous fronts in the present war is more powerful than in the last war.'

It may seem paradoxical that such a view should be formed on a front where the offensive has been preponderant. The explanation is that the width of the front in Russia has always been too large, in comparison with the forces deployed there, for either side to be able to cover its front with a really complete and closely-knit network of fire, sufficiently dense to frustrate a hostile attempt to penetrate it. On such a vast front there has always been room for effective infiltration and levering manœuvre.

In sum, the difference in the course of the present war compared with the last can be traced to differences of space and speed rather than of weapons. The weapon-development favourable to the offensive has been counterbalanced by the weapon-development favourable to the defensive. But other conditions have made the present war less static. While defence is stronger, space has been wider and forces faster. These offsets have given the offensive a better chance strategically than in the last war—by providing the attacker with more room for manœuvre, and more speed of manœuvre, thus making it easier for him to achieve penetration, *so long as* he avoids pushing into bottlenecks. As these basic conditions have come to be better appreciated, strategy has more and more pursued the indirect approach.

The density factor itself has been significantly affected by modern developments. While density is primarily a matter of the scale of forces in proportion to the extent of the *front*, it becomes a matter of *area* wherever means of attacking, or even disturbing, the opponent's rear are available. The scale of force that may serve to hold a front firmly does not suffice to cover the area behind it if this is endangered by 'internal' opposing forces, such as arise among a hostile population; or if the area is exposed to the threat of 'vertical' attack by airborne forces. For that reason, an aggressor who has overstretched himself in the spread of his conquests may suffer a spreading handicap as a result of his very success. The offensive often leads to strategic inflation—and liability to puncture.

* * *

The ratio of space to force is also fundamental to the problems of airpower, the most dynamic form of mechanical power yet introduced into warfare. The advent of aircraft has brought a third dimension into movement, accompanied by an increase of speed to a pitch which is already more than ten times the practicable maximum of the fastest kind of mechanised land force. That combination of multiple space with multiplied speed gives attack an inherent advantage over defence such as it has never possessed on land.

These effects are obvious. What may be considered surprising, however, is that in practice defence has not been merely as weak as theory suggested. Its inherent disadvantages have been reduced by three main factors. The first is the use of counter-attack by faster machines, a form of tactics in which the defence has the advantage of being unburdened with bombs and with the weight of fuel required by the attacking force, which operates from more distant bases. The second is the attacker's inevitable concentration as he approaches his objective, which contracts his space for manœuvre during the critical stage. The third is radiolocation which, by providing knowledge of the attacker's course, essentially tends to diminish the space that has to be covered.

Space has also a dual effect in handicapping the effect of offensive bombing, thus indirectly aiding the defence. Well-planned dispersion, both of ground forces and industrial installations, can diminish the targets available to bombers.

The sum of these factors accounts for the wide gulf between pre-war theory and the actual results achieved in four years of practice. In the early summer of 1940 the official experts were confident of producing speedily decisive results from their 'master-plan' of bombing Germany's war-making resources. Some 5,000 tons of bombs were dropped on them in that year. Equally confident predictions of an early collapse were made in 1941 when the British bombing force threw 23,000 tons on German targets, and again in 1942 when the cumulative weight of its blows rose to 37,000 tons. The outcome successively proved that the scale required to produce

Melee of mediæval knights. At this time combat was individual, and there was little attempt at tactics

anything like a decisive effect must be much greater than had been conceived.

In 1943 the scale was increased in multiple ratio. The British bombing force alone dropped 135,000 tons on Germany, while the newly-arrived American bombing force—which operated by day while the British struck by night—brought the total to over 180,000 tons—five times that of the previous year's bombardment. The scale was once more multiplied in the early months of 1944, when the tonnage in a single day exceeded the total dropped in 1940. Yet expectations were again unfulfilled, and Germany carried on.

The explanation may be found in the natural fact that decisive results come sooner from sudden shocks than from long-drawn pressure. Shocks throw the opponent off his balance. Pressure allows him time to adjust himself to it. That military lesson is closely linked with the general experience of history that human beings have an almost infinite power of accommodation, to degradation of living conditions, so long as the process is gradual.

An air force is a super-guerrilla instrument. It has thus a natural tendency to lead, strategically, to attrition warfare—the gradualness of which carries an ever-extending devastation and damaging after-effects.

In May 1943, Mr. Churchill stated in Washington: 'Opinion is divided as to whether the use of air power could by itself bring about the collapse in Germany and Italy. The experiment is well worth trying as long as other measures are not excluded.' That announcement was followed by a great intensification of the bombing assault on German cities. After nine months' trial it became clear that this method did not suffice. In the spring of 1944 there was a manifest change of aim. War-industrial bombing became secondary to definitely strategic bombing—in aid of, and preparation for, land operations.

The railways that supplied the German Army were dislocated sufficiently to impose a severe handicap on it by the time that the Allied armies invaded France, early in June, while the breaking of the bridges over the main rivers further restricted its countermoves. No less important was the very marked limitation of air interference with the Allied landings. At the same time, the German Army's capacity to carry on under such handicaps exceeded expectations.

The course of the war has made it clear that while bombing can make a big contribution to the process of attrition, both in the military and in the industrial spheres, it does not suffice to produce a quick decision where the opponent is firm in morale and skilled in defence. Under such conditions, airpower is more destructive than decisive. Its attack has proved to have more limitations than were generally recognised, and though unlimited in devastation when

prolonged, this result may be disproportionately detrimental to post-war prospects.

It is clear, however, that airpower has wrought a greater change in warfare than any previous development has done. It has permeated both land and sea warfare, transforming both, while fusing these separated spheres so far as to produce a triune conception of warfare. While the Air Force has not superseded the older forces, it is superimposed on them—and has taken the leading place, though not attaining sovereignty.

Airpower has also emphasised the mechanical trend of warfare—both in the qualitative and in the automatic sense. War experience increasingly demonstrates that men have a decreasing value compared with equipment, and that quantity counts for little unless it implies quantity of quality.

While the far-reaching effects of a superiority in mechanical forces have not yet been fully grasped, this qualitative evolution in warfare is already being overtaken by developments of an automatic nature that foreshadow a revolution in warfare. In this respect, air forces have advanced further than land forces, because the uneven surfaces of the ground and the geographical restriction of routes impose a check on the extent to which automatic devices can replace the human element. Air operations, being free from such limitations, have become increasingly controlled by scientific apparatus.

It did not require much foresight to see that the next stage would be the advent of a machine that could be automatically controlled throughout its course to the objective, and thus dispense with the need for a crew to man it. This has resulted in the pilotless plane, or flying bomb. The rocket-bomb carries still greater potentialities, both in destructive force and in range—through the exploitation of the stratosphere.

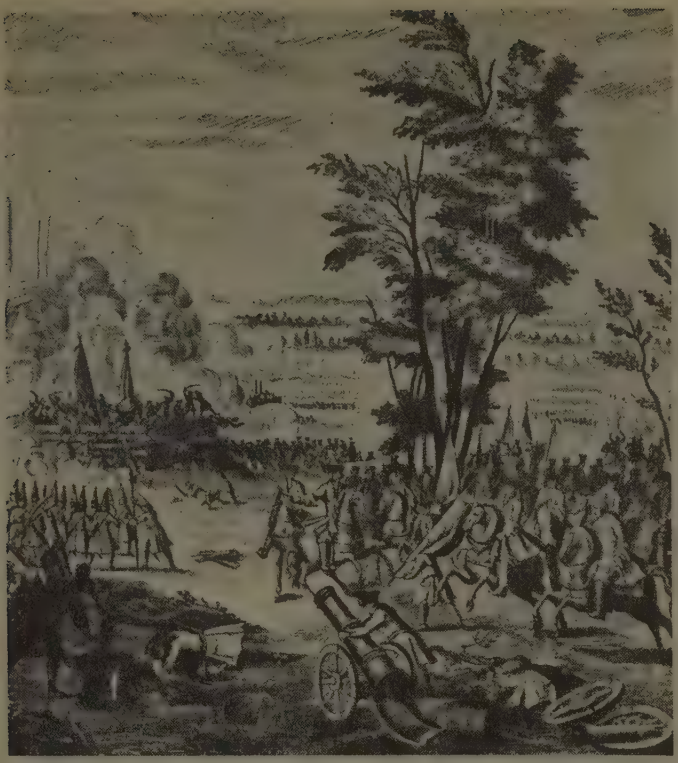
In a long view, these new weapons may be regarded merely as a further stage in the development of artillery—which constitutes, fundamentally, a means of striking opponents who are out of arm's reach. On this principle of classification, 'artillery' begins not with the discovery of gunpowder, but with the ancient engines of war, which themselves were only an extension of the technical development embodied in the bow-and-arrow. The start of the mechanical era really dates back to the invention of missile weapons—as an alternative to hand-to-hand fighting, and a means of overcoming its limitations. Indeed, it might well be argued that the fundamental idea inherent in the term 'fighting' became obsolescent at that moment. The significance of the missile, or projectile, was foreseen and expressed more than two thousand years ago by the Spartan King, Archidamus, who, on seeing a dart fired by a machine brought from Sicily, exclaimed: 'O Hercules, the valour of man is at an end.' But he was too long-sighted. The imperfections of mechanism have not only delayed the elimination of the human element, but even the recognition that its value was on the decline—gradually.

Some of the more recently introduced weapons have tended to postpone rather than accelerate such a recognition. The massive development of artillery in the last war was palpably turning warfare into the semblance of a mincing-machine, of gigantic scale and absurdity, when the introduction of the aeroplane and the tank temporarily revived the value of human qualities. The tank, although a machine, was only suited to close-quarter action, being specifically designed for that purpose. The aeroplane also, in its earlier years, depended much more for its effect on the fighting qualities of its crew than did the heavier types of artillery.

Technically, a bigger stride in the 'impersonal' direction was made with the introduction of the special long-range gun which the Germans produced in 1918 to bombard Paris while their army was still seventy miles distant. Although its effect was very limited, it formed an historically important link in the chain of evolution from the ancient catapult to the flying-bomb and the rocket-bomb. Its range was sufficient to enable it to leap the gulf which had hitherto separated the fighting zone from the hinterland, and thus brought about a change in the habit of regarding artillery as primarily a tactical aid to armies in their military operations. It became apparent that the gun could now be employed—as it had been occasionally used in sieges, and more frequently by navies—for direct menace to the civil will of the opposing people.

Aircraft, as they developed in range and bomb-carrying capacity, became more general agents of that same purpose. Their very lack of accuracy, compared with the gun of normal types, paved the way for a reversion to a barbaric mode of warfare. For industrial targets, being larger than military targets, were easier to hit—which provided a ground for preferring them. Moreover, if the aircraft failed to hit such targets, they could at least be counted on to spread terror among people in the neighbourhood. Inaccuracy of weapon-aim fostered inhumanity of war-aim.

When the attempt at precision-bombing eventually gave place to area-bombing, for greater effect, air warfare definitely assumed the



JOHN CHURCHILL, *Duke of Marlborough, wins at Malplaquet against the French in 1709. At this time there were some successful attempts to limit the horrors of war*

character of an attack on the foundations of civilised life—carried out by a mechanical process of destroying cities. Yet the significance of the change was veiled by the gradualness of the process, as well as by the fact that the operative instruments still remained under the charge of human beings throughout their flight, while the fulfilment of their mission depended on the will and skill of those who manned them.

The flying bomb may tear away the veil of illusion that has so long obscured the reality of the change in warfare—from a fight to a process of destruction. Being palpably an 'inhuman' instrument, it creates the *feeling*—which counts more than a truth apprehended by reason—that war is no longer a matter of *fighting*. Thus its introduction on 15 June 1944, may come to be regarded as the start of a new era.

Mechanised warfare still left room for human qualities to play an important part in the issue. 'Automatic warfare' cancels them out, except in a passive form. Archidamus is at last being justified.

The advent of 'automatic warfare' should make plain the absurdity of warfare as a means of deciding nations' claims to superiority. It blows away romantic vapourings about the heroic virtues of war, utilised by ambitious and aggressive leaders to generate a warlike spirit among their people. Science has undermined the foundations of nationalism, at the very time when the spirit of nationalism is most rampant.

The second part of this article will appear in June.

Thingvellir, where for 900 years the oldest Parliament in the world met in the open air

ICELAND BECOMES A NATION AGAIN

SAMUEL NAPIER

If the Althing (Parliament) and Cabinet of Iceland keep to the terms of the memorandum they have recently forwarded to King Christian of Denmark, then Iceland will probably be a Republic. Iceland gained her Independence in 1918, but it was arranged that Denmark should be in charge of external affairs on her behalf for twenty-five years. At the end of that period Iceland was to decide for herself whether or not she wanted to continue under Denmark.

The world was at war when the date for that decision came. Denmark was occupied by the Germans, and Iceland must surely have suffered the same fate, had not Britain rushed to her rescue and landed troops and equipment for her protection. Now American soldiers are also stationed in Iceland, which has become a valuable base to the Allies.

Iceland has decided for herself. The present war has undoubtedly taught the people of that island much. They want to be free to live their own lives and take back their place as a nation in the world once again. For centuries Iceland has dreamed of the day when she would achieve her freedom again, for Iceland has the oldest Parliament in the world. She was electing her representatives by free vote and assembly more than one hundred years before the 'Mother of Parliaments' was set up.

The Danish King, in his reply to the first note sent to him, requested the Icelandic Government not to make any change during the war. But the people were determined, and so were their leaders.

When the Germans invaded Denmark, the Government of Iceland acted quickly. They immediately took over the powers retained by the Danish King and Government. They decided to act for themselves and control their own foreign policy. Their love of democracy drew them to the Allies, and we were quick to send aid which we could ill spare ourselves. Iceland will never forget, for her people realise that they owe their freedom from German invasion to Britain's prompt reply to the German invasion of Denmark.

At the outbreak of war the King of Denmark was still King of Iceland, and his subjects enjoyed the same rights and privileges in either country. There was no monopoly of trade or preferential treatment. A Dane was exempt from military service in Iceland and vice versa.

Reykjavik, the capital. The flag (like nearly every other national flag) is red, white and blue

The Althing of Iceland was entirely independent of Denmark in all internal affairs. On the other hand, Denmark controlled Iceland's foreign policy and Danish diplomats represented Iceland in other countries.

As has already been pointed out, Iceland has an old and jealously-guarded democracy. Over a thousand years ago this little island, not much bigger than Ireland, possessed an elected Parliament of its own.

Now the Icelandic Althing has sent word to the Danish King that 'it is the right of the Icelandic nation and its right alone to determine its governmental forms.' So this island of 40,000 square miles, lying halfway between the Faroe Islands and Greenland, has decided to revert to its own form of government and become a Republic.

Although Iceland has an area of 40,000 square miles, only about one-sixth of this is habitable, but sheep and cattle are farmed over wide areas. Fishing is by far the largest industry, and in large airy sheds the women are employed to clean the fish ready for export. Quite a large quantity of the fishing catches are converted into oil, or cattle feed, before being exported to either Great Britain or Denmark, which were Iceland's chief customers.

Iceland is an island of contrasts. The weather is very changeable, and one finds the street traders switching over from ice-cream to hot dogs with great rapidity. Even the land itself is contrasting. The mountain-tops are covered with snow, yet there is great volcanic activity. Rivers which rush to the coast swiftly provide great power for electricity, and the many hot springs which bubble up all over the island provide hot water for all purposes.

In the days of peace Iceland has quite a good export trade in cod products. She has even her own whaling stations. Few minerals are to be found, and although there is an excellent system of posts and telegraphs, there are no railways.

Iceland has neither an army nor navy of her own. That is why her plight was so terrible when the German Army occupied Denmark. The head of her state was the King of Denmark, who acted upon the advice of three executive ministers. The Althing itself is composed of two Houses, much the same as the other Parliaments of democracies. The Upper House has fourteen members and the Lower House 28. The members of the Lower House and many of those in the Upper House are elected by universal suffrage. The country is divided into sixteen districts.

Today Iceland is shaking off the last remnants of control by a foreign nation. Her history rings out truly. In A.D. 930 she established herself as a Republic, and continued thus until 1263, when she acknowledged the rule of Norway, but retained her own form of government. Together with Norway, Iceland came under Danish rule in 1381, but when by treaty Norway was separated from Danish rule in 1814, Denmark continued to exercise her powers over Iceland. In 1918, however, the conditions were laid down by which she now makes herself a Republic once again after a thousand years of outside rule.

In spite of its name, Iceland is better supplied

The girls of Iceland are handsome, with or without national dress

with hot water than any other country in the world . . . and it is all free! Geysers and hot springs are not merely sights for tourists and ideal spots for picnics. These same geysers have been harnessed to everyday use by the practical Icelanders. In spite of the trying climate, there is always a plentiful supply of hot water available for all purposes.

Reykjavik, the capital, means 'smoking harbour', and it received its name from the natural steam provided by the geysers which abound in the area. These supplies of hot water are now used to heat the swimming baths and provide a really hot bath at a moment's notice for all who require to bathe. The public laundries receive their boiling water for washing from the same source, as do many of the houses in the capital.

Already the post-war planners at work in Iceland are planning to heat every house in their capital city by means of these geysers. Apart from the initial expense of providing the piping and pumps, there will be little or no money required for the upkeep of this great advantage.

Even today, natural pools of hot water have been enclosed in concrete to form public washhouses about a mile and a half outside the capital. Strong iron bars about eighteen inches apart cover the water and thus serve the purpose of an excellent draining board and at the same time prevent the users, and particularly young children, from falling into the open geyser perhaps with fatal results. The articles being washed are soaped and then moved about in the boiling water by means of long sticks. A thoughtful Government has even provided huts nearby with wringers where the act of washing may be completed, leaving the housewife only to go home and hang the clothes out to dry.

The outside world has learnt to benefit from these geysers, for the postbags coming out of Iceland are the cleanest coming into this country, and the Icelandic postal services are very proud of the fact that their mailbags look so well.

Another use is made of these geysers in the growing of vegetables, such as tomatoes and grapes, which otherwise would never bear fruit in the northern climate. Gardeners have solved this problem by heating their greenhouses with hot water drawn from the nearby geysers. The cost again is negligible! With the long hours of daylight in summer the vegetables grow very quickly so long as the temperature in the hothouses is kept very high. Gardeners are not finding the problem of keeping the houses hot such a problem!

Then there is the great advantage of having hot water available at any time in the house simply by turning a tap. No fire is needed to provide it, and the water straight from the geyser is always boiling. Central heating of houses, too, is quite common—all because the geysers make it so easy. In some parts where the geysers are very plentiful, the housewives of the district cook on them! They simply dig a hole in the earth near one of the hot-water springs and the heat of the geyser is warm enough to cook the food placed in the earth close beside it.

Electricity is another very common thing throughout the island. The short, swift-flowing rivers with their many waterfalls provide the necessary power to generate the electricity at a very small cost. In such a small country it is surprising the number of people who have telephones and electricity installed in their houses even outside the capital. The answer is the cheapness with which these services can be installed and maintained.

Amongst the post-war plans for this island is a great scheme to electrify the whole island. The short days of some seasons of the year mean that electricity will be a great boon to people in many parts. No coal would be required, and with very little expense everything in the country could be electrified, from motor buses to farming! Rest assured the Icelanders have this scheme far up in their list of post-war improvements.

At the moment these people are more concerned about their freedom. The American troops on the island who have taken over from the British forces will have brought new ideas with them, and undoubtedly their advice will be sought on improvements, but the problem of government has to come first.

In their last communication to the Danish King the Althing said, 'The Althing and Cabinet and the political parties are united in the view that the King's message can in no way change their attitude as to the establishment of a republic.' And so Iceland has become a nation once again!

WHAT ARE WIVES' POST-WAR AIMS?

MARY HYDE

In view of all the vast new legislation now being contemplated by Parliament: the Beveridge, Uthwatt and Barlow Reports, the Education Bill, post-war reconstruction, square deals for miners, farmers, local authorities, little men, big men and hosts of other men, would it not be advisable to know exactly what the wives of Britain want in this 'brave new world' we are promised after the war?

During the present war the opportunities offered for the full use of all the latent powers of women have been manifold and unrestricted. There are now women serving in responsible and dangerous posts in practically all the battle areas. Women have entered, and even been encouraged in, all the fields of endeavour that hitherto were jealously guarded masculine prerogatives. They have been drawn from their homes and enticed from the care of their children in order to relieve men for greater tasks. They have been pitchforked into the maelstrom of war and, gradually realising their own potentiality, have savoured to the full the gratifying experience of taking their place as independent participants in the affairs of a world that now readily admits their worth.

The question is: will all these thousands of young women who have volunteered or been directed to adventurous, interesting and lucrative jobs want to relinquish the joys of financial independence, social and personal freedom, and active share in public life, for the life of humdrum monotony that is the lot of the average housewife? Will they wish to exchange all these things in order to be burdened and harassed by unaccustomed and irksome domestic ties, confined to a small and unchanging circle of acquaintances by the claims of husband, home and children, dependent on the vagaries of a man's mood for every penny they need, and worn down by the accumulation of inescapable responsibilities to a shadow of their former carefree bachelor selves?

The answer is: unless some radical and long overdue changes are made in the status of married women, girls will be increasingly reluctant to enter into a contract involving curtailment of liberty, subordination of ambition and humiliating financial dependence.

Girls now fly!

The whole object of marriage is the fusion and harmony of the physical, mental and spiritual appetites of a man and woman into a workable compromise. Their two separate lives must dovetail into a happy mutual life. How can this ever be attained, or real love and trust endure if there is basically a great gulf of sex antagonism and lack of understanding between them?

Many women, while nevertheless accepting marriage as the only feasible solution so far produced by civilisation to meet the demand of men and women for each other, still feel that something can surely be done to improve the lot of the average housewife.

There have always been unwritten laws governing the customary arrangements between husband and wife. Why could they not be written? Why should not every woman at marriage automatically become a member of the Married Women's Association, which could be enlarged, and given legislative power, like a sort of gigantic Trades Union? This body could then cope with all the manifold problems affecting wives, from domestic labour to advice on how to greet one's husband returning unsteadily from the 'Pig and Whistle'. They would undoubtedly be the most powerful Trades Union in the world.

Flight-mechanic takes the air

In Parliament our women representatives battle gallantly on behalf of their sex against ridiculously disproportionate odds. The social reforms so urgently needed, housing problems, etc., are periodically dragged out of their dusty pigeon-holes for vague and half-hearted discussion—evaded, glossed over and re-filed for very dim and distant future reference.

All the tardy and inefficient legislation dealing with affairs that mainly concern women, and bravely undertaken mainly by men, could be placed within the scope of the Married Women's Association.

Firstly, their primary consideration would be, together with the saner remnants of humanity, to seek some kind of international federation whose very constitution would be a guarantee of peace (not only in our time, but for all time). Only on the assumption of security can any other progress be made.

War is more terrible to women than it is to men. It is comparatively easier to die oneself than to lose a husband, lover or child. It is easier to go out and fight than be forced to wait in endless anxiety, loneliness and patience for the return of those one holds dearest. Fundamentally, the majority of women do not greatly care about the exact position of frontiers, or the intricacies of political intrigue, or *Lebensraum*, or ideals, or even patriotism, so long as they can live in peace with the man they love. Therefore the abolition of wars should be the foremost goal of any women's organisation. After all, it is they who will have to populate the world, so perhaps they might be allowed some voice in its future. If childbirth were the privilege of men, they might not be in such a hurry to exterminate each other.

The second demand of women, after the supreme one of peace, is for a home. They want homes which are easy to run, and of which they can be justly proud. One of the greatest adverse effects on the birth-rate in this country will be the scarcity of homes. It is admitted that the lack of labour and materials make any building impracticable for some time, but let us hope that when all these sorely-needed houses are built, the women who have to live in them will be able to advise on their structure. We have had enough of architects building archaic dwellings whose running demands the maximum of effort and produces the minimum of comfort; where all the best rooms face north, and the larder is in some sunny nook where all the food can deteriorate as quickly as possible.

Thirdly, despite all that the sentimentalists, maiden aunts, horrified husbands and senile members of Parliament have to say in criticism of wages for wives (arguing that such a scheme would be the antithesis of the marital spirit, or a sordid debasement of mutual trust), there must be thousands of women who would welcome with relief so drastic and revolutionary a step.

They would welcome it for a number of good reasons. They would no longer be in the intolerable and galling position of having to ask their husbands for money merely because, by marrying, they voluntarily forfeited their earning capacity. Is it fair that a woman should sacrifice her financial independence to become an acting, unpaid, but substantive housekeeper—in the event of any quarrel or difference of opinion probably to have this reminder flung at her as something shameful?

Also, the idea of a concrete recompense for what is the oldest, most exhausting, thankless and never-ending task in the world, besides being the most difficult to perform well because of its varied requirements, would make wives feel that their efforts were worthwhile. In the economic system now prevailing, anything that is cheap is valueless, and vice versa.

Another advantage would be that, in the event of any disagreement, no delicate adjustments would be necessary. Everything would be laid down in black and white. Wives would have fixed rates for the job.

Girls run to 'man' the balloons! Balloon Command nas now stood down. How keen will they be on peacetime tasks?

Another aspect of marriage which needs revision is the overpowering domination above all others of the domestic angle, to the detriment of a woman's mental elasticity. Something must be done to facilitate the continued development of those individual talents which are so often atrophied and forgotten for want of adequate use. Marriage is naturally the ultimate aim of every normal woman, but gradually she is coming to view it less as an outlet to freedom than as a restriction of her former independence.

A woman wants to have her home, husband and children in the forefront of her life without letting their claims transform her own personality into a chameleon background. She is afraid of turning into that pathetic figure, the housewife who has no other interest except her home, and the mother who can talk of nothing but her children.

Yet that is the sad fate of many a promising young woman, originally perhaps the possessor of unusual talent, who marries young and finds that with the years her increasing domestic responsibilities hem her into an ever-narrowing circle of stagnant monotony, from which there is no escape. Her ceaseless battle with the tangible inevitably blunts her appreciation of the abstract. Could not the Married Women's Association, by providing adequate methods of relief, ensure that every woman had at least one occasional day's respite from her house and children, in order to pursue those interests that were once the important things in her life?

This could easily be accomplished by an organised pool of charwomen to relieve harassed mothers, and by the extension of nursery schools. It should be the aim of all civilised communities to see that a woman's natural capabilities should not go unencouraged. Marriage should not be the end of a career, but rather a broader continuation of it. Thus, if a woman were allowed to occupy herself with some outside interest, it would give her a breadth of outlook and freshness of mind that would enhance the strength of her marriage relationship. Confidence, personal gratification and pleasure would flourish with the knowledge that she was still able to be true to herself, and of some service to the outside community. Gone would be the rut, the intolerance and narrow view of the parochial mind that reduces so many marriages to the level of undecided combat—a draw, home or away. Marriage would be given a hitherto unattainable balance through the opportunities of equal experience and endeavour afforded to both its partners.

If all these measures of improvement are ever achieved, they will bring a new interest and happiness to the stultified lives of women who have voluntarily surrendered all their secret dreams to the love of a man. Marriage will no longer mean the end of ambition. It will be a bright pathway leading to greater and more comprehensive fulfilment.

CHLORIS HEATON ROSS, *has written two books of verse*

PATRICIA LEDWARD, *another services author*

EDITORS IN BATTLE-DRESS

BRUCE BAIN

FOR five years we have been at war; and for five years there has been a new, and almost surreptitious, Renaissance in English cultural life. In spite of the Jeremiads of the national press, and the excommunication of culture by the *Daily Express*, English art, and in particular English writing, has been re-invigorated and re-moulded by the very tragedy and frustration of wartime conditions. (I hope that by the convenient label of 'English' I shall not offend regional susceptibilities.) The popularity of magazines such as *Horizon* and *New Writing*, which make concessions neither to fashion nor Philistinism, is an earnest of the new interest in good writing and clear thinking, as, in a different field, the great success of C.E.M.A. concerts and exhibitions shows that English taste is not wholly moribund.

This Renaissance has its roots in the ranks of the armed forces, for the experience of war has quickened the sensibility and imagination of many soldiers, sailors and airmen, and has often re-focused the vision of pre-war writers. I do not seek to propagate any war mystique at the expense of writers in civilian life. But their work has been recognised, whereas the writers in uniform have too often been ignored; and there is a false picture in the public mind of a vast desert of intellectual paralytics and comic-strip readers. In fact, though the personal difficulties of life in uniform are often overwhelming, and though the Renaissance of which I write is limited (like all Renaissances) to a minority, the immersion in war has goaded into self-expression many men who would otherwise have remained inarticulate. War has stripped the mask from the shams and pretences of pre-war Europe; it has awakened many of the acquiescent to the realities of the human condition. Not all the writing from the forces is of equal merit: much is slipshod, crude, and unoriginal, but it is seldom pretentious. The strength of the new writing lies in its honesty and its reinforcement by social purpose. The service writers turn their backs on commercialism and on what one of the young soldier-editors calls 'anæmic scribble-cliques'. (Nor is the movement limited to the men's services, as is shown by the work of many women writers, such as Daphne Short and Patricia Ledward.) This is a gradual movement. Many writers who produced good work before the war have come to a halt, checked by bitterness, by *accidie*, or by the sheer physical impossibilities, and to many

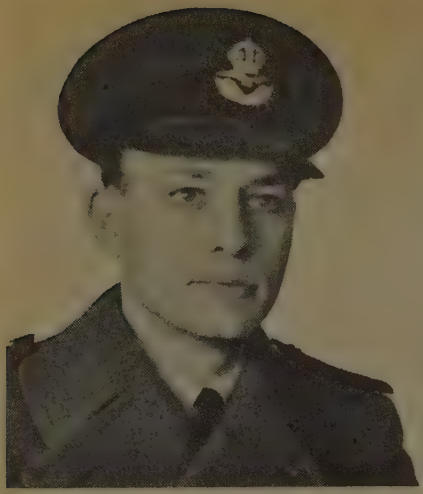
CAPTAIN MAURICE LINDSAY, *wants Scottish Renaissance. But thinks good writing comes in spite of the war*

ATKINS (JOHN) *agrees about war's effect on writing*

the service experience is too sharply imminent for personal solutions, but in general there has been not only a development in taste, but a distribution of the capacity for an inner, private, imaginative life. A new *foundation* for literature has been laid. The present result may seem small, but this new Renaissance, whatever its limitations, has a future full of promise, because it is a revolution in the human spirit.

In such a Renaissance, the editor of the magazine or anthology plays a significant part, especially significant when, with this increase in creative writing in civilian and in service life, there is a corresponding decrease in the facilities for its expression, because of the stranglehold of the paper rationing. The Conservative magazines are bulwarks of prejudice, and though *New Writing* and other publications do their best, there still remains a vast reservoir of unexpressed and frustrated talent. Tribute must be paid to those young editors in uniform who, against great odds, seek to provide a channel for the literature of tomorrow. They are not in association and their aims are disparate, but they are united in the desire to give expression to the new voices of a revolutionised Europe. Some of these young men had already won a reputation before they donned uniform; others were unknown. Some may hope for a wide circulation; others aspire only to solvency. Sometimes the contributors to their magazines, anthologies and pamphlets are eminent critics and poets; sometimes they are fitters, despatch riders and cooks. But all these editors produce their work under the many difficulties of service life, often on service pay alone, in canteens, Nissen huts and tents. They must face the problems of printing, production and distribution in their nomadic and uncertain life. Lack of money is not their greatest difficulty, nor lack of time: *the impossibility of solitude is torturing to the creative mind.* These, then, are some of the men now in the forces who are making the literature of tomorrow. All their names cannot be recorded. In lonely camps and aerodromes they circulate their roneographed pages; stick up their wall-newspapers, and conduct their private wars by post with printers. If the war should stop them writing, it does not stop them from producing the work of others. Any choice is arbitrary, but these are among the most important editors of today.

Flight-Lieut. Henry Treece, one of our best younger poets, is co-editor with Stefan Schimanski of the provocative *Transformation*, and has produced other collections of writing, including an anthology of R.A.F. poetry (with Squadron-Leader John Pudney). A small paragraph in *John O'London's Weekly* mentioning this anthology brought Treece scores of MSS. from airmen all over the country, men previously unknown as writers. Treece, before the war, launched the Apocalyptic Movement with J. F. Hendry, and in his R.A.F. life has continued his work of injecting our literature with a new



FLIGHT-LIEUT. HENRY TREECE. *Before war launched Apocalyptic Movement. Remains a 'Romantic' poet*

CORPORAL DAPHNE SHORT, A.T.S. *Writes shor stories, and edits* Gateways

romanticism. Staff-Sergeant Peter Ratazzi, of the Pioneer Corps, started his *Khaki and Blue* on army pay, and in this and *Writers of Tomorrow* the work of many new writers in uniform has appeared. Ratazzi's little magazines are notable because they have been produced from the ranks, and all the work he publishes has its roots in service life, with the general aim of 'shaping the fate of our bewildering time.' Gunner John Atkins, poet, and former literary editor of *Tribune*, manages in a peripatetic life to run the 'New Saxon Pamphlets', which have brought a gust of fresh air into English literary life. His underlying aim is 'the revival and protection of English culture'. His contributors are not limited to service men. His aim is to publish good work wherever it originates. Captain Maurice Lindsay, of the Cameronians, produces *Poetry, Scotland*, a vital magazine devoted to the cause of the Scottish Renaissance, but yet not governed by a narrow regionalism which brings many new writers to the public notice. Lindsay and Atkins share a pessimism about any Renaissance of writing in the war, feeling that the good writing comes in spite of the war. Flying Officer John Bayliss, a well-known young poet, is co-editor, with Alex Comfort, of *New Roads*, a comprehensive collection of new writing by young civilian and service authors. Lieut. Jack Aistrop is co-editor, with Reginald Moore, of *Bugle Blast*, perhaps the best collection of service writing which has yet appeared. Keidrych Rhys, editor of *Wales*, has now left the Army, but in his collections of poems from the forces, produced while in the Artillery, he demonstrated to the public the quality of our contemporary war poetry.

The new trend is shown in the birth of the Forces Writer Circle, which links together young men and women writers in all ranks, at home and overseas, and whose rapidly growing membership is marked by a spirit of literary comradeship and co-operation. Its monthly magazine, *Gunfire*, edited by Sergeant Rex Ransley of the R.A.F., creates a necessary sense of common purpose between the young writers now in uniform.

We need not lose hope for our literature, confronted by this evidence of continued creativeness in the face of war, and by the new vigour of cultural life at home. Whatever the perils and problems of post-war Europe, we may look forward to the time when the young writer will fully participate as an intelligent citizen in the community, and will yet retain his integrity, carrying forward the spirit of co-operation learnt in uniform into civilian life. He has learnt to write the hard way! He will know how to live the hard way that Europe will demand of us.

5

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE POPE TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

AMID all the hurly-burly of April, one fact stands out conspicuous, deserving to be noted before all others as a milestone on the road of progress. Last month the Pope published his letter addressed to the English people, a fact of which the majority of the English people took no notice, but which, nevertheless, to all watchers on the mountain-tops is one of those unmistakable rifts of light in a cloudy eastern sky, which foretell the coming day.

A NEW HOPE IN THE NEW WORLD

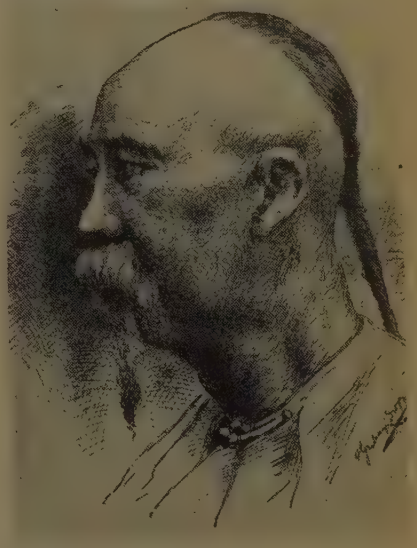
IN the New World the month of April brought good news, encouraging hope. The April elections in the city of Chicago resulted in a brilliant and, for the moment, decisive victory over the forces of corruption and misrule. The vigorous campaign of the Civic Federation, supported as it was by all the reputable papers in Chicago, resulted not merely in the defeat of the Democratic party by a heavy majority. Mr. Swift, the Republican, replaced Mr. Hopkins, the Democrat, by a plurality of 45,000, the heaviest ever cast over a mayor in any city; but citizens also voted in favour of the adoption of a civil service reform. That is a form of words the significance of which no Englishman can understand; but in America it means everything —it means that the citizens have made up their minds that the practice of basing the government of their cities on the principle that all the offices have to be distributed to wire-pullers and politicians as a reward for the services they have rendered, is to be superseded by a new system, in which officials will be appointed to hold office during good behaviour for other than party reasons. The voting in Chicago in April was the first case in which a popular vote on a large scale decided in favour of this radical reform. The elections also produced other good results, several of the worst thieves in the council being defeated.

PEACE IN THE FAR EAST

IN the Far East the month of April ended one war in order to open the door to the possibility of another of a much more serious nature. The Chinese, finding that their two great arsenals, Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, had fallen into the hands of the Japanese, their fleet also having been captured or destroyed, instructed Li Hung Chang to accept the terms of peace imposed by their conquerors. These terms were not more onerous than had been anticipated. Korea, the original cause of the dispute, is declared independent, that is to say, independent of China and dependent on Japan, although her dependence is insured by the force of facts, not by the letter of any treaty. The island of Formosa and the Pescadores Island are made over to Japan, which also exacts an indemnity of thirty-three millions sterling.

RUSSIA'S PROTEST

JAPAN, however, did not stop there, but introduced a clause by virtue of which the Liaotung peninsula, from Port Arthur, which commands its apex northward, as far as the fortieth parallel of latitude, will be ceded to Japan. This arrangement establishes Japan in permanence at Port Arthur, and enables her to use the whole of the Chinese littoral between Korea and the extreme point of the Liaotung peninsula as the base of operations, should she at any future time quarrel with China. China, however, is not the only power concerned. Russians, who in winter-time are frozen up in Vladivostock, have always calculated upon securing the reversion of some portion of Chinese territory in Korea, or between Korea and Port Arthur.



LI HUNG CHANG

SCIENCE FRONT

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

An article by Dr. Kenneth Walker and his collaborators in a recent issue of the *British Medical Journal* describes some of their experiences with the new techniques of human artificial insemination, a practice which is growing rapidly in importance following the success of similar methods in agriculture. It has been realised for some time that childless marriages in which both parties desire offspring may be due to faults in either husband or wife equally, and while a little is now known about female sterility and something can often be done to cure it, the male has been much less investigated and is proving a more difficult problem. This is because a man who is impotent is unable to procreate, however good the quality of his semen, whereas frigidity in women is reproductively unimportant; and impotence and frigidity, being often due to psychological factors, may be very difficult to treat. Doctors, however, now offer two solutions to childless couples in which the woman is proved normal and the fault lies with the male. If he is impotent but his semen is normal, then artificial insemination using the husband's semen is performed. If, however, the semen is of poor quality, or contains genetically undesirable characters (e.g. an inheritable factor leading to deafness), then artificial insemination with semen donated by a third party is available.

This second possibility is at first sight revolutionary in nature. A wife who has a child by a man not her husband has always been frowned upon, and the law has consequently something to say on the matter, yet in the case of artificial insemination by donation, the father is not the husband but a man completely unknown to the mother. This is really quite a logical extension of a process of social change which has been going on for some time. It is now widely accepted that love and reproduction are two human activities which can be largely separated—hence the prevalence of contraception, and so artificial insemination becomes a reasonable procedure. At any rate it is so regarded by a growing number of childless couples, and as Dr. Walker emphasises, so long as the technique is employed with discretion, it is unlikely to do social harm and will often do good.

What does discretion mean here? It means explaining to both partners of the marriage exactly what is involved: that no likeness of the child to the 'father' can be guaranteed; that, in fact, conception may fail in spite of numerous inseminations; that there are legal difficulties; that the attitude of the 'father' to the child may subsequently change for the worse; in short, that artificial insemination from a donor is a serious matter which demands careful consideration by both husband and wife before it is undertaken. On the doctor's side it means a very careful choice of donor, who must be at all times completely unknown to the recipient. Dr. Walker favours normal, healthy, intelligent men between thirty and forty-five years old, married, with at least two children already, and with the same blood group as the mother or the 'father'—to avoid subsequent proof of non-paternity by blood-group tests on parents and child. He calculates that since as little as 0.01 ccs. semen (a five-hundredth of a teaspoonful) is enough for procreation, and a donor can provide two volumes weekly, he could beget 400 children weekly, or 20,000 a year. This would inevitably lead to a number of half-brother and half-sister marriages twenty years later, which would probably be genetically very bad, so an arbitrary limit of 100 offspring per donor has been set. The usual practice is to perform twenty inseminations with each semen sample, by means of a special syringe, the wife attending the clinic on the day of the month on which her temperature on waking in the morning is at its monthly lowest, since this is the most favourable day for conception.

So far, here and in America, donor insemination has been practised in about 3,000 cases, with considerable success, and experience is rapidly widening. It marks a new step in man's control over the processes of his own body, and brings the practical possibility of Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* a stage nearer.

WITCHES' POTION

Thyroxine is a chemical substance the witches of old would have used if they had known of it. It is the stuff which makes tadpoles turn into frogs. More important, without it babies cease growing and remain mentally-deficient cretins, and adults lose their hair and turn slow, fat, and stupid. So your health, and mine, depends on the proper working of the little gland in our necks around the 'Adam's apple', the thyroid, which is the important thyroxine-making centre of the body. Our growth, our speed, our

intelligence, are due to the chemical it pours into the blood. This chemical was first discovered in 1926 by Dr. C. R. Harington, at present the director of the National Institute for Medical Research at Hampstead, who recently lectured to the Royal Society on present knowledge of the gland. In 1926 it was already known that the thyroid contained nearly all the iodine in the body in some special form, and Harington set to work to find out what this iodine-containing chemical could be. It was a matter of mincing up the gland and separating off the fat, the fibrous tissues, the blood clots, the protein, and all the chemical substances of living tissues, and extracting only the one chemical substance which had the magic effect. Others had tried to do this before, but without success. Their methods had either not been severe enough, or were too strong and smashed all the gland substances up in a chemical jumble. But Harington hit on a way of doing it, and obtained a single chemical substance in pure white crystals. He found out how its atoms were arranged together in the molecules, and proved the correctness of his formula by making the stuff artificially from coal-tar products and iodine.

But his method of synthesis was difficult and complicated, and not practicable for industrial manufacture. Medicine had still to rely on thyroid glands, obtained from the slaughter-house, when it wanted to prevent babies from becoming cretins, or to keep adults in health. Nobody knew how the thyroid itself made thyroxine; it did not seem very likely that it used a method as complicated as Harington's. There was, however, a suggestion of the starting materials used by the gland, for, chemically, thyroxine is related to one of the component molecules that make up proteins, and it is known that the body also uses ordinary iodine. Certain Germans, therefore, tried adding iodine to various proteins, white of egg, blood plasma, and so on, and seeing if the mixture would then turn tadpoles into frogs, for instance. At first they met with no success, but then in 1938 von Mutzenbecher hit on the precise conditions with the right sort of protein. When iodine is added to the protein of milk, casein, thyroxine is produced. So it is no longer essential to use the glands of cows and sheep in medical treatment, since an artificial thyroxine can now be available.

This still left plenty of mysteries. What goes on chemically when iodine is added to casein? Nobody knows yet, but there are some suspicions. How does thyroxine act on the body? How does it make the tadpole or the baby grow? One of the difficulties is that thyroxine is a slow-acting, long-persisting drug. There may be no measurable change in a man for eight hours or more after he has received the drug, yet something must be going on, because eventually it has its effect. A frog's heart can be cut out and will continue beating by itself for hours in a glass of water containing sugar and certain salts. The rate at which it beats depends partly on the temperature of the water, partly on whether the frog was given thyroxine for some days before hand. This is a simpler effect to investigate than the growth of a whole human, but it is still too long-drawn-out for scientists to know how to find out what is going on. Some drugs added to the heart cause an immediate change in its rate of beating, but thyroxine does not. It is only several days later that its effect becomes noticeable and experimental methods at present are only adapted to effects which occur in a morning or less.

The solution of another problem—how the thyroid does actually make its chemical—has also been held up by the technical difficulty of measuring thyroxine quickly. Now, at last, a quick method has been invented, and experiments are beginning. Slowly we are pushing back the sea of ignorance, a task which requires all our cunning and inventiveness. The problems are there, but how to find out the answers is the difficulty. Overcoming it is the test of scientific genius, and there are few geniuses to a generation.

POPEYE IS RIGHT

Workers at the University of Texas have discovered that there is something in Popeye's love of spinach, after all. They have discovered a new vitamin in it, which they call folic acid, because it occurs in the leaves, and they have separated it from the plant and purified it, but its chemistry has not yet been fully discovered. Whether it is actually needed in the food of man is not yet known, but it is an essential part of the diet for certain bacteria, including the germ responsible for tetanus. It prevents a kind of anæmia in young chicks, and it is said to be necessary for the growth of young rats. It is certainly often the case that vitamins needed by bacteria or animals are also required by man, but it is not an invariable rule, and one can get caught out. Vitamin C, for example, is necessary to humans and guinea pigs, but rats and rabbits manage perfectly without it. So folic acid may turn out to cure some human diseases, or it may prove of no practical importance at all—in which case we shall just go on eating spinach for its iron, or, for a much better reason, because we like spinach.

STANHOPE'S

NOTES OF CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

REVIEWED BY CYRIL RAY

'I HAVE been much exposed to authors,' the great Duke of Wellington once complained. He never knew quite how much. For twenty years, from 1831 to 1851, Lord Mahon was secretly, if one may coin a verb, 'Boswellising' him. (Lord Mahon was to succeed in 1855 as the fifth Earl Stanhope; his book was published under that name, and it will be easier to refer to him thus.) Stanhope was a neighbour, a personal friend and, although much younger, a political associate of the Duke. Throughout those twenty years he was used to recording passages from his frequent conversations with the old soldier: 'These notes were in all cases . . . written or dictated by me to Lady Mahon either on the same day or at furthest the day after the conversation which they record; and I have never noted anything when not quite sure of remembering it exactly. I can therefore vouch in the most confident manner for the certain accuracy of what I have set down.'

Wellington cannot have known what Stanhope was up to, or he would have had none of it; and Stanhope was enough in awe of his distinguished friend—as who in England was not?—to have desisted if rebuked. When Wellington was told at the death of Gurwood, the editor of his despatches, that that oddity of a colonel had been setting down nightly his anecdotes and apophthegms, he was highly indignant! He wrote to Gurwood's widow, 'The Duke does not believe that there is an instance in history of a similar act'—had he forgotten his Boswell?—'It is anti-social; it puts an end to all the charms of society, to all familiar and private communication of thought between man and man . . .' The rumblings continued even after he had been assured that Gurwood's notes had been destroyed.

Stanhope must have known how cross Wellington was on that occasion; he had helped Gurwood with the *Despatches*, and he was constantly with 'The Duke'. But he went on asking questions, and setting down the answers. He went on asking questions, indeed, with almost cruel persistence, pursuing the old gentleman into his library at Walmer after dinner, removing, it is recorded of one evening, the barricade of books on the reading desk behind which the Duke had taken refuge. But Wellington was patient with one who, as a youngster of twenty-five, had thundered against the Reform Bill in his maiden speech in the House of Commons, who had been his own Under-Secretary when he himself was at the Foreign Office, in Peel's brief first administration.

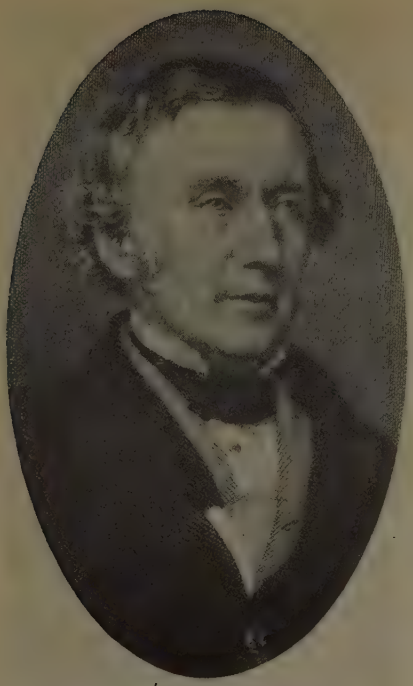
Stanhope's questions were almost all about the past and about campaigning—'It was my general wish . . . to confine these records to what I may call past history, and to omit the Duke's observations on our current affairs or the home politics of the day'—and they came naturally enough, for Stanhope had been only ten when Waterloo was fought. And Wellington was seldom reluctant to talk. Seldom, indeed, reluctant to talk about soldiering.

So the *Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*, published privately by Stanhope's son, the sixth Earl Stanhope, in 1886, ten years after his father's death, and publicly in 1888, is the best of all sources for Wellington's own stories, for his opinions on Napoleon and on himself, on the British private soldier, and on the French; on his Spanish and Portuguese and Prussian allies; on Talleyrand, and on half the other great figures of post-war Europe.

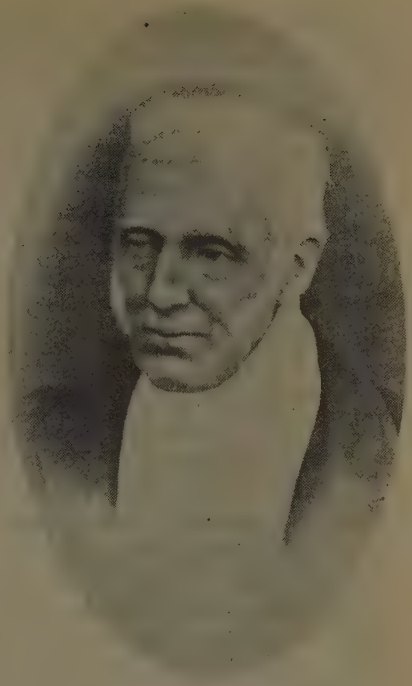
It is a short book, written purely in note form, with no connecting argument and virtually no thread of narrative. There is an excellent edition, if it is not nowadays out of print, in the World's Classics, introduced by Mr. Guedalla, the most graceful of the authors to whom the Duke has been exposed.

The whole book is alive with Wellington's personality, with his dry common sense, his sometimes admirably sturdy, sometimes appallingly narrow Conservatism; with his personal kindliness, and with his matter-of-fact, unconceited appreciation of his own qualities and his own importance.

There is nothing more characteristic than his admiration for Napoleon as a soldier, *his contempt*



The fifth EARL OF STANHOPE *in 1872—an early 'snooper'*



A photograph of 'THE DUKE'

for him as a man. 'There was nothing like him. He suited a French army so exactly! Depend upon it, at the head of a French army there never was anything like him. In short, I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men.' Not that the admiration was uncritical: Napoleon had not the patience, said Wellington, for defensive campaigns; he did not care enough for the supply and feeding of his troops. ('As for me, I have always taken most especial care of the subsistence of my troops.') He became a victim to fixed ideas. Still, 'Bonaparte is a man apart; you must not put him into the common scale.' On the other hand, there is the Napoleon who left a bequest to the man who had tried to assassinate Wellington, the Napoleon who 'scarcely once had ever tripped into truth', the Napoleon, this, over whom Wellington shook his head 'with a very sad and serious expression'.

Wellington had no illusions about himself or about Napoleon, nor had he any about the human material they each worked with: 'The French system of conscription brings together a fair sample of all classes; [our army] is composed of the scum of the earth—the mere scum of the earth.' He repeated this phrase often, and went on, on another occasion, 'People talk of their enlisting, from their fine military feeling—all stuff—no such thing! Some of our men enlist from having got bastard children—some for minor offences—many more for drink; but you can hardly conceive such a set brought together, and it really is wonderful that we should have made them the fine fellows they are.' Then what we should call now the Blimpish, 'I have never known officers raised from the ranks turn out well, nor the system answer; they cannot stand drink.' He would talk in much the same strain about the superiority of the Guards to the 'Line', 'from the goodness of the non-commissioned officers. They do in fact all that the commissioned officers in the Line are expected to do—and don't do. This must be as long as the present system lasts—and I am all for it—of having gentlemen for officers; you cannot require them to do

many things that should be done. They must not speak to the men, for instance—we should reprimand them if they did. . . . Now all that work is done by the non-commissioned officers of the Guards. It is true that they regularly get drunk once a day—by eight in the evening, and go to bed soon after, but then they always took care to do first whatever they were bid. When I had given an officer in the Guards an order, I felt sure of its being executed; but with an officer in the Line, it was, I will venture to say, a hundred to one against its being done at all.'

Little wonder that Wellington gave as his secret of success, 'I was always on the spot—I saw everything, and did everything for myself.' For three years, he said, he slept always in tents, never in a house. Alava, once Wellington's Spanish A.D.C., told Stanhope that when he used to ask Wellington what time he would start his day's work, it was usually 'at daylight', and when he asked what for dinner it was always 'cold meat'. '*J'en ai pris en horreur les deux mots* daylight *et* cold meat!'

Wellington ranked the Marshals far behind Napoleon, but of the Marshals it was Masséna he admired most—Napoleon himself thought more of Soult—and there is a pleasant account by the Duke of his first meeting with Masséna after the war: 'Masséna was much excited at first seeing me, made a great noise, and greeted me very cordially. "*Ah, Monsieur le Maréchal, que vous m'avez fait passer des mauvais moments!*" And he declared to me that I had not left him one black hair on his body; he had turned grey, he said, all over. I answered that I thought we had been pretty even—things nearly balanced between us. No, he said, how near you were taking me two or three times!—which I was.'

There is a conversational ease about the opinions, quips and stories recorded in the book that speaks much for Stanhope's accuracy as a reporter and much, too, for the literary forbearance—or possibly for the sense of style—of Stanhope as an earnest man of letters. For he was more a man of letters than a politician, the biographer of Pitt and Belisarius, the historian of the Indian Empire and of the War of the Spanish Succession, and he may well have been tempted to build his 'notes of conversations' into a more stately work. What would have happened in that case, one wonders, to the story of old Blücher, who had dosed himself with gin and rhubarb after having been twice ridden over by cavalry at Wavre, embracing Hardinge with 'I'm stinky, aren't I?' And to this other Blücher story:

'Poor Blücher went mad for some time. He had shown off before some of our ladies at Paris, and got a fall from his horse and a blow on his head. This gave him all sorts of strange fancies. When I [Wellington] went to take leave of him, he positively told me that he was pregnant! And what do you think he was pregnant of?—an elephant! And who do you think he said had produced it?—a French soldier! That is the human mind.

'It was the last time I ever saw him. I went to him; he could hardly speak French, but he said (striking his side), *Je sens un éléphant là!*

'And what could you say to him?' 'I could only say, *Je vous assure que vous vous méprenez!* and that he would soon get better. But he continued to express his surprise at there being a Frenchman in the case. *Imaginez que moi—moi—moi! un soldat français!* I suppose he had dreamt it the night before.

'He was a very fine fellow, and whenever there was any question of fighting, always ready and eager—if anything too eager.'

It is in Stanhope's pages, too, that the famous story is told of Wellington's meeting with Blücher after Waterloo, at La Belle Alliance, the story of how a Rothschild agent first brought the news of Waterloo to England, of the more proper of the two *mots de Cambronne—La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*—of how much Cambronne was later laughed it, for he did surrender, and of how a set of ladies in Brussels became called, afterwards, '*La Vieille Garde*'.

Few Englishmen's (or Irishmen's) casual sayings are quoted more often than Wellington's—Johnson's, perhaps, Wilde's, perhaps—if any saying of Wilde's were ever casual. Few historic figures have so many stories told about them. And for many of the sayings and stories we owe gratitude to the industrious Stanhope—as much, at least, as we owe him for his share in the Copyright Act, and in the founding of the National Portrait Gallery and the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Stanhope himself is unlike Boswell in this, that in recording a great man's talk he has taken care not to draw his own portrait. It is a pity in a way: Stanhope deserves to be remembered in his own right. But perhaps Stanhope knew well what he was about when he set down his *Notes of Conversations*, knew how little colour there was in his own personality, for all that he was earnest, hardworking, a patron of arts and letters; knew that it was his duty to stand aside and let those dry, unsentimental, racy phrases come through the years undressed-up and undistorted.

5

NEW BOOKS

OUR ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

By J. D. Unwin. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

What a tonic it is to meet a writer on economics as free from ideological preconceptions as was Dr. Unwin, and one so sensible of the human and social needs money should serve. The present volume is an extract from his great work *Hopousia*—sadly neglected since its appearance in 1940—in which he considered what social structure would be necessary to produce the greatest manifestation of energy in society. In the economic sphere his aim is to get rid of usury, to make money the servant of individuals and community alike. To do this he advocates a new method of commodity-exchange, whereby organised society would issue the trustworthy man or group, with the money to make a purchase as soon as he could satisfy his bank manager he was capable of paying off the amount over a period of time equal to the efficient life of the commodity, whether it be a printing press, a church, a pub., ship, electrical equipment, or factory plant. With a cheque currency — metal properly forgotten — there would thus be an inexhaustible supply of money. And as true wealth is the people's capacity for production, money would be issued as and when the goods found a purchaser.

A noteworthy feature of Dr. Unwin's plan is that it specifically allows for the discarding of redundant commodities. It ensures industrial efficiency, and also that the consumer has the best of which technology is capable. Wartime finance, the Beveridge Plans, the work of Uthwatt and Keynes all suggest that Dr. Unwin was no unpractical idealist. The book is mercifully non-technical, has a nice regard for historical perspective, and is obviously the work of one who liked human beings—except usurers.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE EMPIRE

By James A. Williamson. *A. & C. Black.* 8s. 6d.

What with interrupted educations and the pretty general difficulty these days of finding time to take the long view backwards or forwards, a book attempting to summarise British and Imperial history in just over two hundred closely printed pages has its points. Mr. Williamson describes his book as 'discursive', which it certainly is, often engagingly so, especially when he deals with the early colonial period, on which he is an authority. But later, in the nineteenth century, when he is trying to hold a balance between events at home and in the Empire, the reader may be excused a little dizziness.

In spite of the procession of kings, adventurers, divines and politicians, Mr. Williamson keeps a firm hold on the story of Britain's ordinary people: how, with the agricultural revolution, their community of the land, with something of a common purpose, rough and inefficient, but real, gradually gave place to an hours-and-wages system and an unsatisfied peasantry that became the populations of the hideous industrial towns of the nineteenth century. Mr. Williamson does nothing to soften the picture of squalor, disease and hopelessness. He lets it form the necessary background for the reforms which have been, let us hope, the mere beginnings of the creation of a new society. He grinds no political axe, though he remarks on the permanent value of liberalism as a habit of mind—whatever the fortunes of the Liberal Party. Nevertheless, in the reforms of Radical Socialism he sees a curtailment of personal liberty, involving the registering and ticketing of large sections of the people and the growth of a vested interest of state employees in the continuance of controls. True—but is it as simple as that? Here Mr. Williamson's discursiveness irritates a little. In the next paragraph he is watching the Lords in 1912 throwing out a new Home Rule Bill.

JAMES EASTWOOD

A PLANNED ECONOMY OR FREE ENTERPRISE

By E. Lipson. *A. & C. Black.* 15s.

No subject provokes so much or such heated controversy today as the question: To plan or not to plan? Mr. E. Lipson makes a valuable and original contribution to current discussion in his latest book, *A Planned Economy or Free Enterprise*. His approach is the historian's. Taking as his theme the much hackneyed quotation, 'There is nothing new under the sun', he traces the history of planning from the mercantilism of the seventeenth century, through the *laissez-faire* of the nineteenth, down to the planning for the present war. He dismisses the view that history is 'only an intellectual recreation for satisfying a sense of curiosity about the past' and argues that history is a case-book in which familiar problems and

policies are constantly recurring. Without an adequate appreciation of the historical background, he contends there can be no satisfactory approach to the problem of post-war reconstruction.

This is, on the whole, a sound approach. There is far too much tendency to look upon history in terms of kings and battles, and Mr. Lipson's analysis is both refreshing and revealing, though it would be equally dangerous to carry historical analogies too far. His conclusions, based on his researches, too, will probably meet with general support. There needs to be planning, in order to direct the nation's resources into the most socially beneficial channels, and to guarantee security, welfare and living standards. But since 'the English people have a profound aversion to anything which savours of economic regimentation', there should not be planning *à outrance*.

What is needed is a compromise between the two extremes of total planning and total *laissez-faire*, and a fusion between the nation's communal and individualistic traits. On these lines, Mr. Lipson puts forward what should be a workable compromise. His book should certainly be read by all who have to make speeches for and against state planning.

MARGARET STEWART

Books on Post-War Germany

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The author, a well-known former leader of the *Staatspartei*, here discusses all the aspects of the German problem—constitutional, economic, political, pyschological—and offers many constructive proposals.

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THE MAN IN THE STREET (OF THE B.B.C.) SPEAKS TO EUROPE

Staples Press. 10s. 6d.

The Man in the Street was the chief English commentator of the B.B.C. broadcasting to the Continent throughout the years 1941 to 1944. This book is a representative record of those talks. It begins with Haile Selassie's return to Addis Ababa, the comment on which was broadcast on 6 May 1941, and it ends on a broadcast delivered on 23 August 1944. In between those two subjects there are many others—'Darlan Betrays France', 'Hitler's Grand Design for 1941 Fails', 'A Message to the Russian People', 'America and Japan Enter the War', 'King Christian defies the Nazis', 'The First 1,000-Bomber Raid', 'The Retreat from Moscow', 'The Massacre of the Jews in Poland', 'Defeat in North Africa', 'Churchill's Speech to Congress', 'The Execution of Ciano', 'Liberation of Paris', etc.

It tells of those four years in a series of talks expressive of the reaction of one ordinary man of Britain during those experiences. Sometimes the expression is one of grim humour, sometimes anger; sometimes it is a message of hope, sometimes of prophecies; sometimes it is a mere chronicle. But it is always interesting, not perhaps in a literary sense because the technique of broadcasting is not quite the same as that of literature. There is usually a more down-to-earth reality about the spoken word than there is about words written to be apprehended through the eyes. But, perhaps because of that, *The Man in the Street Speaks to Europe* is not a book to be read at one sitting. Yet it is very decidedly a book to read—a book to be owned and dipped into at moments when one is ensconsed comfortably in front of a fire, when one is alone and thinking over the past, trying to remember the state of one's mind at the moment when Vichy France became fact . . . at the moment when America entered the war. . . . at the moment when the Germans were at the gate of Moscow and we were waiting and wondering what the outcome would be. All those things are in the book and, if further proof were needed of the value of these broadcasts by one ordinary Englishman to the ordinary men and women of Europe, it is an announcement which came recently that various European Governments have asked the B.B.C. to continue such broadcasts as a very material psychological help in re-building Europe into a continent of democratic countries and people who will look forward instead of backward.

HENRY C. JAMES

GREECE. BRITISH SURVEY HANDBOOK
By Kathleen Gibberd. *Cambridge University Press.*

THE MODERN GREEKS
By A. R. Burn. *Nelson.* 5s.

Many readers will already be familiar with the fortnightly *British Survey*. The British Survey Handbooks, like *British Survey*, set themselves a high standard of factual objectivity. It is difficult to be objective without being dull, and I was rather afraid, when I started the handbook on Greece, that it would prove rather heavy-going. Chapter I rather reminds you of the wholly excellent, but not always very readable, *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I am glad that I persevered beyond the section 'Configuration of the Country', because the historical and political sections are admirably done, and the book gives a most useful picture of Greek life. Although this book was written before the E.L.A.S. rising, it will help to provide a dispassionate background to recent happenings in Greece. In these days of inordinately expensive books, this is a very good three shillings' worth. I doubt if it would be possible to find a better and more concise account of Greece. The author is to be congratulated on packing so much information into so small and convenient a compass.

Mr. Burn approaches Greece from a different angle. He learned to know the modern Greeks as an archæologist, doing field work in the country, and later as the representative of the British Council. He writes as a traveller who learned to know, love and admire the Greeks, whom he saw in the modern 'heroic' age of the Greek resistance to the Italians and the Germans. He is impressed by the continuity of Greek history; knowing ancient Greece, he finds many striking parallels between the thought and attitude of ancient and modern Greeks. He translates, very pleasantly, a number of ballads dating from the Greek war of independence.

The theme of his book is that the modern Greeks should not be considered a lesser race than their ancestors of the age of Pericles. I am not sure that he quite succeeds in making his point, but he does give a very attractive picture of the Greeks, their courage, honesty and hospitality. When the grim tragedy of the E.L.A.S. rising is so much in the forefront of our minds, it is good that these two books should help us to see Greece in perspective, for nothing which has happened since 1941 can take from the Greeks the high honour of having been the first people to inflict defeat upon the Axis on land. Both of these books will leave you with the desire to get to know the Greeks better. PETER MATTHEWS

'I have a small confession to make—some of them I've only skimmed through' NEW YORKER

CHINA LOOKS FORWARD
By Sun Fo. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Dr. Sun Fo is the son of Sun Yat Sen, 'father' of the Chinese Republic. His book is derived from speeches and lectures, delivered extempore and taken down verbatim by a stenographer. Not the ideal medium for animated discourse. Yet the book has exciting moments. It is exciting to see so ancient a civilisation so rejuvenated as to be concerned more with tomorrow than yesterday. Moreover the tomorrow to which Sun Fo is looking is limited by no narrow nationalistic barriers; is broadened, indeed, to the concept of world order, largely influenced by the revolutionary formula, or politico-economic doctrine, of *San-Min-Chu-I*. *San-Min-Chu-I*, says Sun Fo, 'not only can deliver China, but also redeem the world.' In Britain he sees, as 'the shape of things emerging', the 'institutions of Socialism being gradually, imperceptibly established.' Looking further ahead he sees, as the ultimate solution of the world's troubles, '*Tatung*, or world commonwealth—the culmination of all political thinking'. It is a bravely sanguine thesis.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

'I couldn't put it down. Matter of fact, I couldn't pick it up'
SATURDAY EVENING POST

AND YET I LIKE AMERICA

By James Lansdale Hodson. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

When Hodson landed in America, at the end of 1943, the immigration officials were much relieved to hear that he had no intention of lecturing. He wanted to learn about America, not to put the Americans wise about Britain. As he criss-crossed the continent, however, his passivity gradually declined and by the summer of 1944, when he had taken down, in thousands of words, exasperating examples of 'what was said to me', he seems to have become quite aggressively vocal. For one result of his 'inquiring into why people dislike the English' was an excusable impatience at the excess of prejudice based equally on ignorance and misconception, as well as the complete absence of an organised effort to remove some of it. 'My own view,' he says, 'is that the English should hit back and hit hard—fairly, but hard. When we do not, our traducers are encouraged to believe we have no answer, that our conscience is bad and our case is bad. . . . When we are gentle it strikes you as furtive. If some of you attack us on India, I can see no reason why we should not remind you of your Negro problem. . . .' So more and more he took the openings that were offered him to hit back—fairly, but hard, and the result is that his book not only increases our knowledge of the baffling American mosaic, but may be regarded also as the record of a commendable ambassadorial pilgrimage.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

IDEAS HAVE LEGS

By Peter Howard. *Muller* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Peter Howard is the ideal apologist for the Oxford Group. There is immense popular appeal in the figure of an athletic young man—rugger 'blue' and international—who suddenly becomes religious; and when he has a Fleet Street training and a slick, trenchant, journalistic pen with which to propagate his new-found faith, there is no knowing what he can achieve in the way of conversions. Mr. Howard's last two books sold 400,000 copies, and I have no hesitation in prophesying a similar success for this one.

The first half of the book is a resumé of the author's life up to his conversion to Buchmanism. There are many amusing anecdotes about his experiences in the world of sport and in Fleet Street: an international rugby match, bobsleigh championships in Italy, talks with Beaverbrook and Churchill (the account of the conflict of these two when Churchill was writing for the Beaverbrook Press is particularly entertaining), courting and marriage in France. The general tone is, however, earnest and disapproving. Mr. Howard surveys his past with a baleful eye, and we are given to understand that this seemingly normal, healthy life was really shockingly sinful.

The rest of the book is pure Buchmanite propaganda. In a few sweeping generalisations Mr. Howard diagnoses the ills of the world and prescribes as a panacea the philosophy of Moral Re-Armament. He has the burning sincerity of absolute conviction, but at the end of it all I, for one, remain unconvinced. Can it all, one wonders sceptically, be quite as easy as that?

TERENCE KILMARTIN

YEARS OF VICTORY

By Arthur Bryant. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

The greater part of this book is a recapitulation of all the stormy events, at home and abroad, that Britain had to face in the period from 1802 to 1812, and in his use of the diaries, letters, journals and reports of that time, Mr. Bryant is keenly aware of what will add to the verisimilitude of his narrative without making it the heavy plodding of a full-scale history. In this I would say the author has no equal among his contemporaries. He creates atmosphere with the skill of a novelist, a good example of this being his sketch of the 'new Paris' of 1802, which begins: 'Travellers were at first agreeably impressed. The ragged rabble of Calais and Dieppe, who shouted and gesticulated on the quayside and

so alarmed returning emigrés, stretched out civil, dirty hands to help the English milords down the landing ladders and accompanied them with cheerful salutations to their inn. . . .'

It is, of course, a book designed to be widely read, the author stating that, like *The Years of Endurance*, it was written 'for the ordinary man who in this, as in other things, has been robbed of his heritage.' But what particularly differentiates Mr. Bryant's approach to history from the approaches of other popular historians is his recognition of the importance of the 'grim internal revolution' at the centre of the blood and thunder of all those military victories—'fighting, not for the State but for personal rights, was an inherent part of the English system', suggesting that he believes that patriotism and the capacity to endure hardship and mutilation are not the most progressive or spiritual qualities in a people.

Sometimes, perhaps, Mr. Bryant will focus his keen eye upon the changes that have been wrought in our lives by the past five years, and it will be interesting to learn whether he thinks we are still brave and individual enough to set our personal values before the cult of uniformity, the French version of which is brought horribly alive to us in his present book in his penetrating descriptions of what lay behind the 'civil, dirty hands' and 'cheerful salutations'.

REGINALD MOORE

THE HERO IN HISTORY

By Sidney Hook. *Secker & Warburg*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Hook, in his extremely interesting book, analyses acutely the qualities that go to make a 'hero', or a 'great man'. He also differentiates between the various aspects under which greatness manifests itself, and which have produced in literature such supermen as Homer, Plato, Shakespeare; in music, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven; in art, Giotto, Masaccio, Rembrandt, Cézanne; religious geniuses like Christ, Buddha, Confucius; men who have revolutionised science; men who have changed the current of thought. His main theme, however, is tracing the influence of great *leaders of men* on their generations—the Caesars, Cromwells, Lincolns, Lenins, Mussolinis, Hitlers of history.

One of the most fascinating chapters is that entitled '"If" in History', in which Mr. Hook speculates on what might have happened if some of the heroes he enumerates had not appeared on the scene. He does not refer to the moral and material danger of giving absolute power to any man, however he may tower above his fellow men.

PERCY COLSON

'I've read the condensation, seen the movie and heard it dramatised over the air. You don't have to tell me I'll like it' SATURDAY EVENING POST

A HIGHLAND YEAR

By Seton Gordon. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 12s. 6d.

One can always listen to a man who speaks, not because he likes the sound of his own voice or to unload ponderously the weight of his knowledge, but because of his profound joy in things seen and experienced. And this book is the talk of such a man. Chronologically it covers a mere twelve months, but there is a lifetime of reflective observation behind these particular jottings.

There is much about birds. We are told of the suspicious and angry hooded crow, of an eagle attacking a collie, of the habit of ravens to fly upside down, of goosanders, jackdaws, sandpipers and grouse. And from October to September we are given just the right amount of seasonal colour to enable us, if we read right through and can resist the temptation to dip, to really feel the turning of the year. The chapter on March begins, 'The wind died during the night. Heather fires that had glowed at dusk, fanned by strong gusts from the hills, gradually dimmed, flickered and were subdued by the dampness of the night air. Before sunrise chaffinch and thrush were in song; when the sun rose the air was at once warm and balmy as on a morning of June'—which could have been written of the March we lately experienced.

The book contains twenty-four photographs by the author, perfectly illustrating the text.

REGINALD MOORE

Author of 'Lessons of My Life'
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ARMY OF SHADOWS

By Joseph Kessel. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.

The defeat of 1940 and the impact of German domination imposed a decisive test on the writers of France. Before the war, contemporary French literature was the foremost in Europe. Would it fit into a Teutonic frame? We recall the impressive array of talented novelists: the brilliant Montherlant, the near-Fascist Drieu La Rochelle, the neurotic Céline. These three succumbed early to the blandishments of power; it is no accident that their writing deteriorated rapidly.

But they were not representative. Malraux, true to his past, joined the Maquis; Gide escaped to Algiers; Mauriac spoke through the underground press; others kept decently silent. It is to Malraux that we must look for the great and definitive book on French Resistance. He has the necessary experience, the passion and the mastery of language. But in the meantime, Joseph Kessel, who had also made his name before the war, has given us the finest book yet to come out of occupied France. Every page is memorable with the vivid stamp of truth, for the author had a share in the unending struggle which he describes.

Army of Shadows was written, appropriately, in England during a short stay. 'In London one can meet and talk freely. In London all the surviving leaders of the Resistance turn up sooner or later. London is the crossroad of the strangest destinies of France.'

After reading this intensely vivid story of underground life, stranger than any fiction, where men risk their lives daily and friends disappear without warning and are not seen again; where each new refinement of Nazi torture in Room 87 of the Gestapo Headquarters is known because a member of the group has been there, suffered and escaped; where the natural comradeship of men keeps them sane in an atmosphere of extreme nervous tension—after reading all this, one begins to understand why it should appear 'quite natural'. For this was the only life to be lived in a France regenerated by suffering. One man was hunted, traced, shot, but another took his place and the struggle went on.

Although the author regards himself as a chronicler of fact, there is frequent evidence of his eye for significant detail. Dounat, the traitor who has a horror of being hurt, has betrayed his friends. He is about to be executed. 'Gerbier's hands fell on Dounat's shoulders, but at the same time Gerbier said in his ear, "I swear to you, old man, you won't feel any pain".'

The translation by Mr. Chevalier is adequate, no more.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

POETRY LONDON X
Edited by Tambimuttu. *Nicholson & Watson.* 15s.

POETRY FROM OXFORD IN WARTIME
Edited by William Bell. *Fortune Press* 6s.

FORTY POEMS
By William Box. *Chester & Lang.* 4s. 6d.

One approaches the work of new poets with misgiving. If the poet is a bad one, reading his verse is going to be a dreary business, for on Parnassus nothing fails like failure. If he is a good and original poet, then his qualities of originality are probably going to make for an initial obscurity.

Mr. Tambimuttu is being audacious when he devotes nearly all of his tenth issue of *Poetry London* to new and unknown writers. His magazine was modest enough when it first appeared five or six years ago, but the latest number has increased enormously in sumptuousness, size and price. It has close on three hundred pages and contains illustrations—attractive Sutherlandesque designs by Gerald Wilde for Eliot's 'Rhapsody on a Windy Night', and Doré-like drawings by Mervyn Peake—with several excellent reviews, an interesting memorial article on Keith Douglas, a few prose vignettes, some literary brouhaha or correspondence, not to mention a generous filling of poetry. All this for fifteen shillings, which seems to me automatically to remove it from the purses of the young for whom it caters. It isn't easy to care for much of the verse, which wobbles violently between immaturity and precocious sophistication. It is leavened by 'A Shooting Incident' which is a wicked satiric ballad by Stevie Smith, and something that shouldn't be missed. There are some remarkably finished poems by Franz Steiner, a Czech poet who writes in German.

Mr. William Bell has harvested the annual crop of Oxford poetry, which is a heavy one, although many of the poets are in the Services. The anthology begins with eight unpublished poems by Drummond Allison, whose first book appeared after he had been killed in Italy. He does not deserve neglect. Time would have developed the originality and technical power which the poems published here illustrate. His death was more of a tragedy than that of Sidney Keyes, his friend and contemporary at Oxford, because Keyes' poetry was already mature at the time of his death, while Allison's was still forming. Apart from Allison, the most notable poems are some translations from Leopardi by John Heath-Stubbs. This poet, who is rapidly making a name for himself, has somehow achieved a pellucid eighteenth-century formalism without becoming archaic. As for the others, Gerard Irvine, Roy Porter and Francis King seem to stand out most.

There have always been poets who seem to move outside the main current of literature and inherit the backwaters of verse. These are generally poets of the countryside—such men as John Clare and W. H. Davies. William Box belongs to this class. His poems are what they call 'traditional'. But there is a simple freshness about his lyrics which is altogether captivating—and the best way to convey it is to quote the last poem—'The Mill in War':

> Acres are gold, acres lie fallow,
> Water comes peacefully down to the Mill,
> There's pike in the pool,
> Bream in the shallow,
> Blue in the heaven,
> Cool in the shadow. . . .
>
> Youth may lie broken,
> Happily, still,
> Here's only cold water to spill
> As water strides angrily down from the Mill.

DAVID WRIGHT

GEMEL IN LONDON
By James Agate. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

In his preface to this new edition of a novel that was published—and flopped—in 1928, Mr. Agate tells how he and Mr. Alan Dent (his then secretary and now a literary journalist, when he is not being a wartime sailor, of varied and acknowledged graces and talents) set out to write a story around himself and Mr. Alan Dent. So it is a tale of a young Scot who came to find fame and fortune in literary London. But Rubicon in the book is not a theatre but a music critic, and Gemel goes back, as Mr. Dent, happily for literary London did not, to his native ling and his loving Lintie.

There is some deliberate fine writing, fathered in the preface on to Mr. Dent, and some nineteen-twentyish wit in the novel. But neither the public nor the critics took to it seventeen years ago, and it has not the quality that makes a novel improve with age. Both the authors are older now, and one of them, at any rate, more mature; Mr. Agate has done Mr. Dent no service by republishing it.

CYRIL RAY

'I guess I'll read this one. Everybody I recommended it to says it's good' S.R.L.

THE ENGLISH AT TABLE

By John Hampson. *Collins* 'Britain in Pictures' Series. 4s. 6d.

Those to whom the austerity fare of the last five years has proved one of war's most painful burdens will be well advised to steel themselves before reading Mr. Hampson's tantalising history of the Englishman and his food through the ages. Yet, when the horizon is bounded by spam, American pork, Iceland cod, powdered eggs and Algerian wine, there is much to be said for straying for a moment into a past of Porterhouse steaks, York hams, roast duck, oyster patties, Dover soles, Burgundy, sherry, champagne and other delights of the table.

Mr. Hampson's survey sketches in our whole gastronomic history from pre-Roman times, through its ups and downs (and for its downs we can largely blame the Puritans), to the present lean years of *ersatz* and dehydration. Our food, as he points out, has been recognised for centuries as excellent (though our cookery deserves another epithet) and we have always taken a great interest in culinary affairs, to which our literature bears witness. Our climate, responsible (like the Puritans) for so much in our national character, has blessed us with hearty appetites, but has evened things up by helping to provide a fruitful soil to satisfy them. Mr. Hampson has packed his essay with information 'rare and curious', and has drawn upon Milton, Herrick, Johnson, Pepys, the Pastons and numerous lesser-known writers to remind us of what eating and drinking has been in the past—and will be again. His text is well served by a number of delightful and little-known illustrations.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

POST HASTE

By Ivor Halstead. *Lindsay Drummond.* 7s. 6d.

We are apt to take the public services for granted: gas, electricity, running water, trains, buses—above all that marvel of organisation, the Post Office. What would happen were the Post Offices to cease to function?

Mr. Halstead gives us the history of postal service from the days when only the business of State demanded correspondence, to the first regular Post Office, set up by Henry VIII about 1510. In every succeeding reign the service was improved, until, in 1839, Rowland Hill's scheme brought our modern Post Office into being.

Mr. Halstead devotes most of his book to the triumphs of 'carrying-on' achieved in spite of war conditions, and rather overwhelms us with figures.

PERCY COLSON

WHAT IS A CLASSIC?

By T. S. Eliot. *Faber & Faber.* 3s. 6d.

Here, beautifully printed on beautiful paper (if only its cover were not so wartime warpable!) is the first annual address to the Virgil Society, given by its first President.

In it Mr. Eliot discusses the process of elimination by which he is left with Virgil as the poet who is uniquely classical and the universal classic, the critical criterion for any literature in the European tradition.

Mr. Eliot has it that the universal classic—and he defines 'classic' too, though also only by elimination—must be the product of a mature civilisation and of a mature language and literature, the work of a mature mind living in an age which has achieved maturity of manners; that it must sum up the total genius of a people and must be universal, too, in its scope and relevance.

In the course of his argument Mr. Eliot has to illustrate it with the names of almost all the greatest European writers, and there is material here for no end of dinner-table discussions: why do not Racine and Molière qualify? If Shakespeare, for all his greatness, was not a classic author, was Milton? Did Pope and his age, in becoming the nearest in English to the classical standard, sacrifice so much as to fail inevitably? Is Goethe, as Mr. Eliot maintains, not a universal but a local classic? What are the uses of the classic?

Most of Mr. Eliot's answers to his own questions could be disputed—but not gracefully save by a mind as sensitive as his and a tongue or a pen as persuasive. To a great extent Mr. Eliot seems here—as, no doubt, he intended—to be thinking aloud, and it is stimulating stuff to overhear.

CYRIL RAY

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

By Palinurus. *Horizon Press.* 15s.

This book is a brilliant excursion into the realm of introspection and self-analysis. Its author, a well-known critic who conceals his identity under a thin veil of anonymity, recounts his experiences during a year's journey of exploration through his own mind in search of a solution to the problems of the artist-intellectual in the modern world. He has adopted as pseudonym the name of Palinurus, the enigmatic pilot of Æneas who fell into the sea in his sleep and spent three days and three nights exposed to the waves before being washed ashore. His imagination is haunted by this myth, and the book is conceived in the form, as it were, of a symphony in three movements, allegorically represented by the 'three blust'ring nights' Palinurus spent adrift, with constantly recurring *leit-motivs:* art, love, nature, religion.

The importance and interest of *The Unquiet Grave* (the title is from an anonymous poem in the Oxford Book of Ballads) lie first in the penetrating ruthlessness of its author's self-inquisition. This is a rare quality in English literature, for the English, with their innate reserve and decorum, do not as a rule find it easy to lay bare their souls for the scrutiny of their fellow-men. 'Palinurus' is quite merciless with himself in his 'search for the obstruction which is blocking the flow from the well.' In a moment of depression he can describe himself thus: 'No opinions, no ideas, no real knowledge of anything, no ideals, no inspiration; a fat, querulous, greedy, impotent carcass; a stump, a decaying belly washed up on the shore . . .; always tired, always bored, always hurt, always hating.'

He analyses, with rare penetration and accuracy, the perplexities of the human mind—doubts, remorse, guilt, *Angst*, the deceptions of love, 'the fury and the mire of human veins': 'When I contemplate the accumulation of guilt and remorse which, like a garbage-can, I carry through life, and which is fed not only by the lightest actions but by the most harmless pleasures, I feel Man to be of all living things the most biologically incompetent and ill-organised. Why has he acquired a seventy-years' life-span only to poison it incurably by the mere being of himself? Why has he thrown Conscience like a dead rat to putrefy in the well?'

Religions like Christianity and Buddhism, which aim at the suppression of the self, offer him no real solution. They merely provide a means of escape from the problem, a temporary refuge from guilt. Though he accepts much of the philosophy of Christianity, and retains the Christian sense of sin, there can be no going back to 'an edifice of truth which seems built upon a base of falsehood.' He prefers the bondage of scepticism, with all its doubts, uncertainties and fears, consoling himself with the thought that he is not alone in this: 'When I consider what I believe, which I can do only by proceeding from what I do not believe, I seem in a minority of one—and yet I know there are millions like me: Liberals without a belief in progress, Democrats who despise their fellow-men, Pagans who still live by Christian morals, Intellectuals who cannot find the intellect sufficient—unsatisfied Materialists, we are as common as clay.'

Like most artists, Palinurus deplores the modern tendencies towards the submersion of the individual, the development of the herd instinct, and the abuse of the intellect. The Group Man is his *bête noire*, and he dreads the state. But he eschews ostrichism and accepts the realities of the modern world, even if he refuses to be *gleichgeschaltet;* for he has immense spiritual and intellectual reserves from which to draw solace and help, and for all his apparent pessimism, is essentially a happy man, singularly free from the vice of self-pity and able to laugh at his own predicament. He knows how to steer a middle course between the extremes of mysticism and materialism, between the navel-contemplation of the East and the restlessness and fanaticism of the West. 'Humanity,' he tells us, 'can only survive through a return to the idea of happiness as the highest good, happiness which lies . . . in the flowering of the spirit.' We must learn to perceive and integrate the contradictory elements in life, recognise its comedy as well as its tragedy, and reconcile fanaticism with serenity.

The one major flaw in an otherwise admirable and beautifully-written book is its lack of formal continuity. It is often difficult to follow the author's train of thought through his somewhat haphazard collection of aphorisms (both his own and those of others), reflections, and memories represented by a string of unconnected images. This fault is probably inherent in the medium Palinurus employs, but one feels that he is cheating somehow by his indiscriminate use of extracts from the works of other writers. On the other hand, his studies of the predicaments of some of the writers who have particularly appealed to him—Pascal, Chamfort, and especially Sainte Beuve—are of intense interest and have an important bearing on his own inner troubles.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

CROSS-SECTION
OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

A. Crossman

Moderate Place Essential

THERE is no intention of reiterating here the arguments that *The Economist* has often used in favour of a policy of moderation. Those arguments have not been based on any sentimentalism or any pity for the hard fate of the German people, still less on any calculating desire to curry their favour or to make future use of them in any diplomatic combinations. It has simply been a desire to learn the lessons of the Versailles settlement and to insist that we should not bite off more than we can chew. Neither the American nor the British people will for long enforce a settlement that has the double disadvantage of raising doubts about its justice and of requiring painful efforts for its enforcement. This is not to say that the German people ought not to be punished or that they ought not to be compelled to make heavy material restitution for the damage they have done—but that these policies should be limited in time to the short period during which the will and the means to enforcement are likely to be present. The long-period and complete disarmament of Germany is an essential requirement, but it would be as well to limit the permanent penalties to this one.

The Economist

Russians in Rumania

THE Rumanian Government which signed the Armistice with the Allies on 23 August 1944 was a Government of Generals, headed by General Sanatescu, and with four representatives of four political parties—the Liberal, National-Peasant, Social Democrat, and Communist. These four parties had formed shortly before a 'National-Democratic Bloc' for common action. The Liberal and the National-Peasant were the two old democratic parties of the country. The Social-Democratic Party was small, but with a good reputation for seriousness. The Communist Party was the smallest of the four. The 'Generals' Government' was presented to the country as a temporary feature, until her liberation was completed. Meanwhile, the Communist Party took the leadership of the creation of an organisation outside the 'Bloc', by incorporating two small political groups, Vladescu-Racoasa's new 'Patriotic Front' and Groza's 'Ploughmen's Front'. After some hesitation, and certain internal struggles and 'purges', the Social-Democrats also adhered to this organisation, which came out in public as the 'National-Democratic Front'. Strong pressure was immediately put up by the Soviet delegates with the Armistice Commission for the resignation of the 'Generals' Government' and the appointment of a Party Government. Thus the Generals' Government was replaced at the beginning of November with a Party Government, keeping the same Prime Minister, General Sanatescu, in office as a non-party man. The 'Front' got six seats in the Cabinet, the Peasants five, and the Liberals four. The Ministries of War and of Home Affairs still eluded the 'Front'.

Whitehall News

Vyshinsky Arrives!

ALMOST as soon as the new Government was formed, large-scale sniping against its non-'Front' members was begun throughout the country, which, together with the pressure exerted by M. Vyshinsky, the Soviet Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, residing for several weeks in Bucharest, brought about after one month a new change of Government. M. Pennescu, the National-Peasant Minister for Home Affairs, left the Government; General Radescu, known for his anti-German feelings and his open championing of the Jews during the German occupation, which had caused his internment in a concentration camp, became the new Prime Minister and Minister for Home Affairs, and the War Office was given to a non-party General. On the other hand, all the members of the Government gave an undertaking to stop all sniping and get on with the job. The leaders of the Trades Unions gave an assurance that the most distressing of these activities—the refusal of the Printers' Trade Union to print any articles or papers of which they disapproved, and which were many, as the printers were controlled by Communists—would stop, so as to allow for a democratic expression of opinions of all shades.

The undertaking was kept from the beginning of December, when the new Radescu Government started its work, until well into January. Meanwhile, the 'Front' was rapidly organising itself, with all the money it needed at its disposal (Rumania being obliged to put at the disposal of the Soviet authorities any sums they might require for spending within the country), and

soon new outbreaks were occurring throughout the country. But this time with a difference: the outbreaks were no more condoned by the official leaders of the 'Front'. The new leaders were Mme. Anna Pauker, an old Communist who had spent the last twelve years in Russia and had become a Soviet citizen, and M. Luca, who had shared her stay in U.S.S.R. and her adopted nationality. This new outbreak culminated in the attempt to seize by force the administration in various towns. In some places the attempt was successful, as at Craiova. In others, the Rumanian forces prevented it being carried through. These attempts were nothing new. They had taken place before in the regions where the Red Army had disarmed the Rumanian police, although it took some time—from three to six weeks—after the disarmament to organise these 'spontaneous' uprisings. They always took place in the presence, and sometimes, as at Constanta, the Black Sea port, even with the active help of the Soviet troops, and during which very often Soviet officers and soldiers were seen addressing the population at open meetings. But if the attempts were not new, they were on quite a different scale. The 'Front' started coups throughout the country, and announced a monster meeting in Bucharest, whereupon Radescu concentrated troops in the capital. Bloody riots broke out, which caused many casualties. Radescu made a dramatic appeal to the country by radio, saying that the mob led by Anna Pauker and Luca had tried to seize power. Thereupon the Soviet delegates intervened, demanding Radescu's resignation. The leaders of the 'Front' came out with a similar request. The Red Army had already disarmed in Bucharest the Rumanian troops and police which, according to orders, put up no opposition.

King Michael then asked the former leader of the Rumanian Armistice Delegation in Cairo, Prince Stirbey, to form the Government. But Vyshinsky arrived by plane from Moscow, and the arguments he brought were evidently weighty enough to convince the King to entrust M. Groza, the leader of the 'Ploughmen's Front' and Vice-Premier in Radescu's Government, with the formation of the new Government.

The new Government thus formed is almost entirely a 'Front' Government. The key positions in it, for which the 'Front' has fought ever since its formation, namely the Ministries of Home Affairs, Justice and War, are in Communist hands. So is the newly-formed Ministry of Propaganda. There are no Peasants or Liberals, though Groza declared that he had offered them three seats each. The only politically 'new' blood are the 'young' Liberals of Tatarescu—who was Prime Minister from 1933 to 1937 and again in 1939–40—and who had evidently been brought in so as to give the Government the appearance of a 'union' Government.

Accusations of 'Fascism'

WHAT is important to emphasise in all these events is the pervading atmosphere of accusations against all non-'Front' people of 'Fascism', and the evident attempt of completely isolating the Peasant and Liberal leaders, and of their elimination from political life. This has been explicitly stated by various 'Front' papers and has been endorsed by the Soviet press and wireless.

What is even more important is the very active part played by the Russians in all these developments in Rumania, a country to which M. Molotov had solemnly promised that they would 'abstain from all interference in its internal political and social affairs.'

Whitehall News

Copper Industry in Chile

CHILE's copper industry is very old-established, dating back for centuries. In the early nineteenth century Chile was the world's largest producer, but in 1881 the United States climbed to first place. Chile still ranks as the second largest producer, however, and at the present time contributes approximately one-sixth of the total world output of new copper. Her copper resources are a vital part of the national economy, bringing considerable revenue to the Government through taxation, and providing a large proportion of the country's foreign exchange.

The bulk of the production comes from three companies, the Andes Copper Mining Co., at the Potrerillos mine, Atacama Province; the Braden Copper Co., which owns the El Teniente mine, in the Province of O'Higgins; and the Chile Copper Co. (through its operating subsidiary, Chile Exploration Co.), whose mine is at Chuquicamata, in the Province of Antofagasta. All three are controlled by big United States copper-producing groups, the Andes and Chile companies being subsidiaries of Anaconda Copper Mining Co., and the Braden concern being owned by the Kennecott Copper Corporation. All the mines have large ore reserves, those of the Chile Exploration being perhaps the largest of any copper mine in the world. The ore, however, is not very high grade, but is susceptible to large-scale and economic recovery methods.

L. H. TARRING in *Latin-American World*
(Special Chilean Issue)

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Independence in Malaya Impossible

It has been suggested that the ultimate goal for the Malay people is an independent federation of all the Malay lands, and it would undoubtedly constitute one of the greatest triumphs of modern colonial history if any such union were achieved. A recent memorandum by a society of Malay students has suggested, however, that on Britain's return to Malaya the Malay States should be granted immediately: (*a*) Independent sovereign power under British protection. (*b*) Control over immigration between the Colony of the Straits Settlements and the Malay States. (*c*) Nationalisation of all future tin mining and other mineral resources, for the reason that an opium monopoly was abolished. (*d*) A Department of Fishery.

These proposals, apart from the fourth, are of such a radical nature that it should not be overlooked that the Commonwealths of Australia and New Zealand have a very particular claim to consultation in all matters relating to the Pacific zone. To understand the intention of the proposals is to appreciate their essence, which may well be termed foolish, and a moment's reflection shows that neither Britain, Australia, nor New Zealand are likely to permit their Governments to agree to them. In effect, these students suggest that the Empire and Commonwealth shall pour out blood, strength and treasure in an unlimited effort to liberate Malaya, in order that (*a*) a contradiction in terms shall provide future protection and extension of bureaucratic autocracy; (*b*) a risk may be taken in antagonising the Chinese community, thereby causing the enmity of China, who always takes a most lively interest in her nationals' welfare; (*c*) future mining development by the British and Chinese may be prevented, the result being irrevocable strangulation of commercial development by lack of foreign investment; (*d*) Malay fishermen shall not be exploited by 'unscrupulous Chinese middlemen' and shall be taught the 'ingenious methods of the brave and clever Japanese fishermen'. (See *British Malaya*, Vol. 19, No. 8. Note: There is nothing ingenious in Japanese sea-poaching.)

The essence of these proposals is contained in the pro-Malay insistence on the Malays' aptitude for manual labour, which does not accord with the policy adopted by the railways and the Public Works Department under the late British administration, for they obtained nearly all their labour from the Indian community. The explanation of this insistence is to be found in the fear that the far more industrious and efficient immigrant races—Chinese, Indian and Indonesian—may overwhelm the Malays economically. *British Malaya*

'Just fill in your preference as to nationality, age, experience, and so forth. Of course, it's just a formality'

NEW YORKER

Has Mankind Doomed Itself?

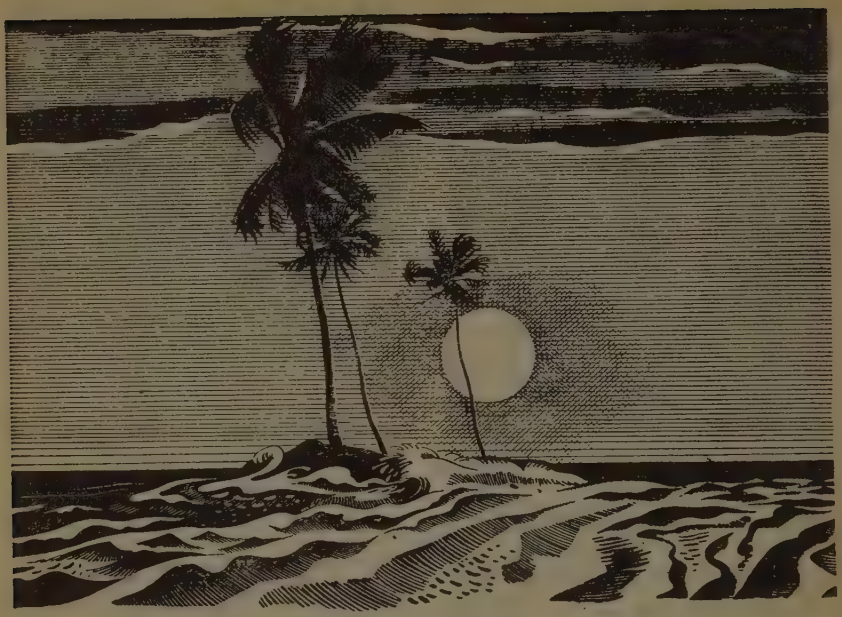
Has man built himself today an infernal universe to jeopardise all the achievements of his mind and spirit so slowly and with such difficulty built up? Those vast horizons of factories and teeming towns where millions of workers are turning out machines that the smallest change can convert into instruments of death, is at times a sad and depressing sight. Man stands at the cross roads and must choose between a world in which this invasion of steel will be controlled by his moral sense and a nightmare world of machine development unrestrained except by economic rises, which will crush out some and increase immeasurably the material powers of others. The machinistic development of the world must be oriented by a sane social system based on human needs, or the world will perish.

ANDRÉ LABARTHE
in *La France Libre*

Art in South Africa

One of the most prominent features of art in South Africa today is the overwhelming preponderance of women practitioners. This cannot altogether be ascribed to the fact that *Marlbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre* because in this affair of 1939 *et seq*, both *Marlbrouck et sa femme* have donned the doings of war.

Is it that art has become effeminate, or is it just another form of relaxation, like knitting, from mental stress and strain? I don't think so, because every young lady of *comme-il-faut* suburban standing in Victoria's days acquired the art of water-colour sketching as part and parcel of her social education. And very well indeed some of them did it, judging by the albums of our



The Isle that Grew from the Sea

A little land above the surface of the sea ; white surf and leaning palms . . . but underneath, out of sight, the foundations go down deep and wide to the bed of the ocean.

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grandmammas. But nevertheless it would have been considered very *infra dig* for Emmeline and Angela to rush on to the exhibition walls in competition with the vulgar Bohemians of Chelsea and Montmartre, however much these latter were lionised at social functions.

Is it another form of emancipation? Why no, indeed; no more than the dash to the footlights, which a few decades ago was the parental abomination of abominations.

I think it is really symptomatic of escapism in one of its varying forms, and in that respect a genuine means of relaxation. It is a very healthy mental guerrilla against the excesses of card-playing and cocktails and all the many forms of self-indulgence that often practise under the guise of 'war work' and what not, leaving nothing for the participant but a craving for bromides, apart from a useful depletion of purses for a worthy cause. There is something to be said for this quest for the grail that is largely absent from the adolescent aspirations for worldly excitement and superficial pleasure.

Trek

Colour in South Africa

MUCH has been said and written in recent years about the duties of the white population towards the less-educated and less-privileged inhabitants of the Union and everyone—segregationists as well as their more liberal opponents—are agreed that the coloured races must be treated with sympathy and justice. In our industrial enterprises coloured workers are just as indispensable as the most highly-skilled white artisan.

Their rights to regulate wages and reasonable labour conditions are not disputed. Even their right to form trade unions has—within certain limits—been conceded. At the same time it is found that strong, systematically organised reactionary forces are incessantly trying to widen the breach between white and coloured workers in those industries which are more than others dependent upon a considerable coloured labour force. The deliberate fostering of racial antagonism in the clothing industry, of which Germiston has recently given such a deplorable example, is a case in point.

The coloured population cannot help becoming enemies of the whites if such a state of affairs is allowed to continue. Their education is too limited to let them believe that only a minority of the whites hate them. Still more must they feel like pariahs when they find that strikers—when they are non-white—are imprisoned whilst white strikers are consulted by employers and state officials about their grievances. The intricate niceties of legal distinctions cannot penetrate to them. Why do the powers that be allow colour discrimination to flourish in that way? Are they permitting the growth of hatred between white and coloured to develop until bloodshed must follow? The government has the obvious duty, no matter what forces want to prevent it, to establish relations of goodwill between the races, before revolutionary upheavals compel them to use brutal force.

Letter in *Trek*

Rehabilitation

PSYCHIATRISTS and rehabilitation experts are busy setting the stage for the returning veteran. They are fairly well agreed that when the fighting man comes home he will require special handling. He will leap up in rage when he hears the baby cry, he will be unready to look for a job, and he will be unprepared for the resumption of the mild and constraining intimacies of married life. This may all be true, but we suspect that the rehabilitation people are frightening thousands of girls with these warnings and unfitting them to be the wives of returning soldiers. . . . They are going to be something of a domestic problem themselves. A man can endure plenty of things

(continued on page 77)

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"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

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and can adjust to many situations, but he can't endure being treated with studied intelligence by any other member of his household. A husband would rather be caught in the beam of an enemy searchlight than in the awful glare of an understanding woman.

Our advice to girls who have husbands in the war is to relax. Besides, there is a good chance that your husband is going to be rather glad to get home and that he will act with a fair degree of normality, amiability, and even enthusiasm. It's all right to mix the old warrior a drink, but our advice is to mix yourself one first—you probably need it quite as much as he does.

The New Yorker

From Portugal

ARTICLE by C. M. on the Yalta Conference in which he asks if Ukrania, one of the liberated countries, will be allowed to choose a democratic form of government, instead of the Communist totalitarism. With reference to Poland, he says that England and America have achieved, at least in theory, some advantages for that country.

Quotations from the *Osservatore Romano* in which this paper denies some articles published in Russian papers which make untrue references to the Pope's world policy.

Voz

FIVE-KILOMETRE ski race at Serra da Estrela (Central Portugal mountain) won by the British sportsman John Curle, who made it in twenty minutes.

Diario de Noticias

Class in the Underground

PRICES in the cemetery which is to be consecrated by the Bishop of Chichester, will be (approximately): first class, 30s.; second class 26s.; third class 18s.

Daily Mirror

Misunderstanding

I CAN only hope that the reader who recently sent me a letter in which she wrote, 'To the Editor of *Psychic News*—please pass on', was not expecting me to take a literal view of her request.

Psychic News

Miss-Understanding

IN Red Bank, N.J., a busload of soldiers heard a female voice ask the driver, 'Will you wait a minute, please, while I get my clothes on?', twisted their necks out of joint, saw a laundress lift aboard a load of linen.

Time

'I think you should speak to Miss Bloggs, Mr. Hemingway. She's been doing this sort of thing ever since she met that young fellow in the Navy'

THE DRAPERS' RECORD

Agriculture in Kansas City

ASKED if freezing injures turnips, a Kansas City answers man could only suggest, 'Not much; try something else.'

H. V. WADE in the *Detroit News*

The Garage Shortage

AT Manchester City Magistrates' Court yesterday, Albert Wadham was charged with stealing a Manchester Corporation bus, value £1,100. . . . Detective A. Macpherson said that late the previous night he met Wadham and told him he was believed to have stolen the bus. Wadham, the officer alleged, replied, 'Yes, that's right. I want to get everything straight. I was going to "flog" it on the black market in London, but I could not get a garage to put it in.'

Manchester Guardian

OPA DROPS PLANS
TO REGULATE U.S.
STENOGS' DRAWERS

Headline in the *Harrisburg Telegraph*

'This isn't quite what I wanted. It says "it guards against chaps"'
AIR MAIL

Connoisseur

In Chicago Mrs. Helene Catanezzo borrowed a beau's $1,500 for an operation, instead bought a saloon. Explained Mrs. Catanezzo: 'I've always wanted the finer things in life.' *Time*

New Model Husband

One morning last week a middle-aged woman asked to see some youths' three-piece trouser suits. As she was uncertain whether to choose size 10 or 11, I made the obvious suggestion that it would be advisable to take the larger size for a growing lad.

'Growing lad?' she echoed. 'The suit is for my husband—I'll bring him along on Saturday.'

True to her word, she returned on Saturday with her spouse—a 'small man' if ever there was one. Size 10 was a good fit for the jacket and waistcoat, but the man was so short in the leg that I had to snip an inch off plain-bottom trousers before providing p.t.u.s. The amended garment would have made a fine pair of knickers for a 'leggy' youth!

Still, the customer gave us only 17 coupons instead of 26. The 'pocket' husband many wives would like to have at the present time!

Men's Wear

New Model M.P.

He is remembered as an active and energetic M.P. On one occasion he secretly took a sample of milk served at the House to test its purity; on another, he put a question which led to the withdrawal of a foreign sauce with which M.P.s flavoured their oysters. *Evening Standard*

New Model Detective

It is not every Spiritualist church that can boast of its platform being regularly served by a retired police sergeant and a detective. This distinction belongs to the Darlington Wooler Street Spiritualist Church. Moreover, I must tell you that the detective is a medium who gives clairvoyance. He would be in a dilemma if he were called upon to arrest himself. *Psychic News*

Suspense I

Unique pair men's sock suspenders, elastic and 14ct. gold, engine turned, made by Cartier, New York: cost £20. What offers?

Advt. in *The Times*

Suspense II

Sir: I am an attractive blonde, brown-eyed girl in my middle teens. I weigh 125 pounds and am going steady with a boy who weighs 116. He is two years my senior and a very nice boy. Since the gasoline rationing has made doubling up in cars necessary, is it proper for me to sit on his lap? I think it would be better at times if he would sit on mine since he is lighter than I. What do readers think of this?—Befuddled.

Letter in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

Bon Appétit

Be 'Appetising.' Yes . . . as delectable every minute of the day as that choice moment just after your bedtime bath, when snowy chiffon and the stars above are the frosting that makes you tempting enough to eat.

Advt. in *Town & Country*

Holidays at Home—see the Horrors of the German Concentration Camps—Life-Size Flogging!

Notice outside Waxwork Show in Oxford Street, London

'All's Well That . . .'

Love today is as true as it ever was.

Headline in *Daily Mirror*

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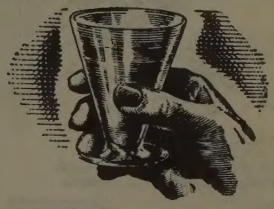

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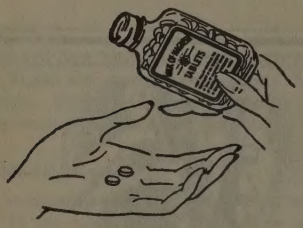

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